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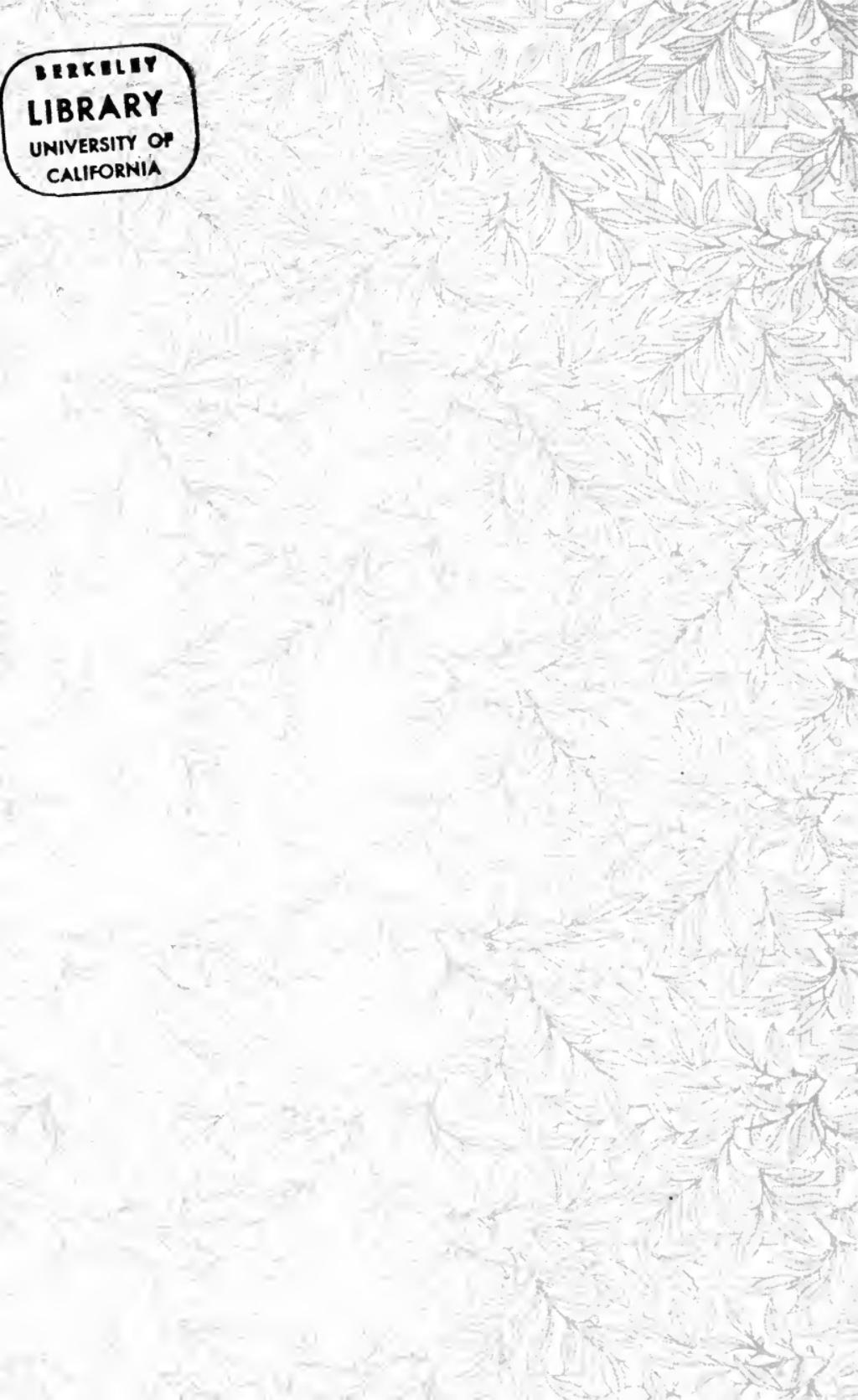
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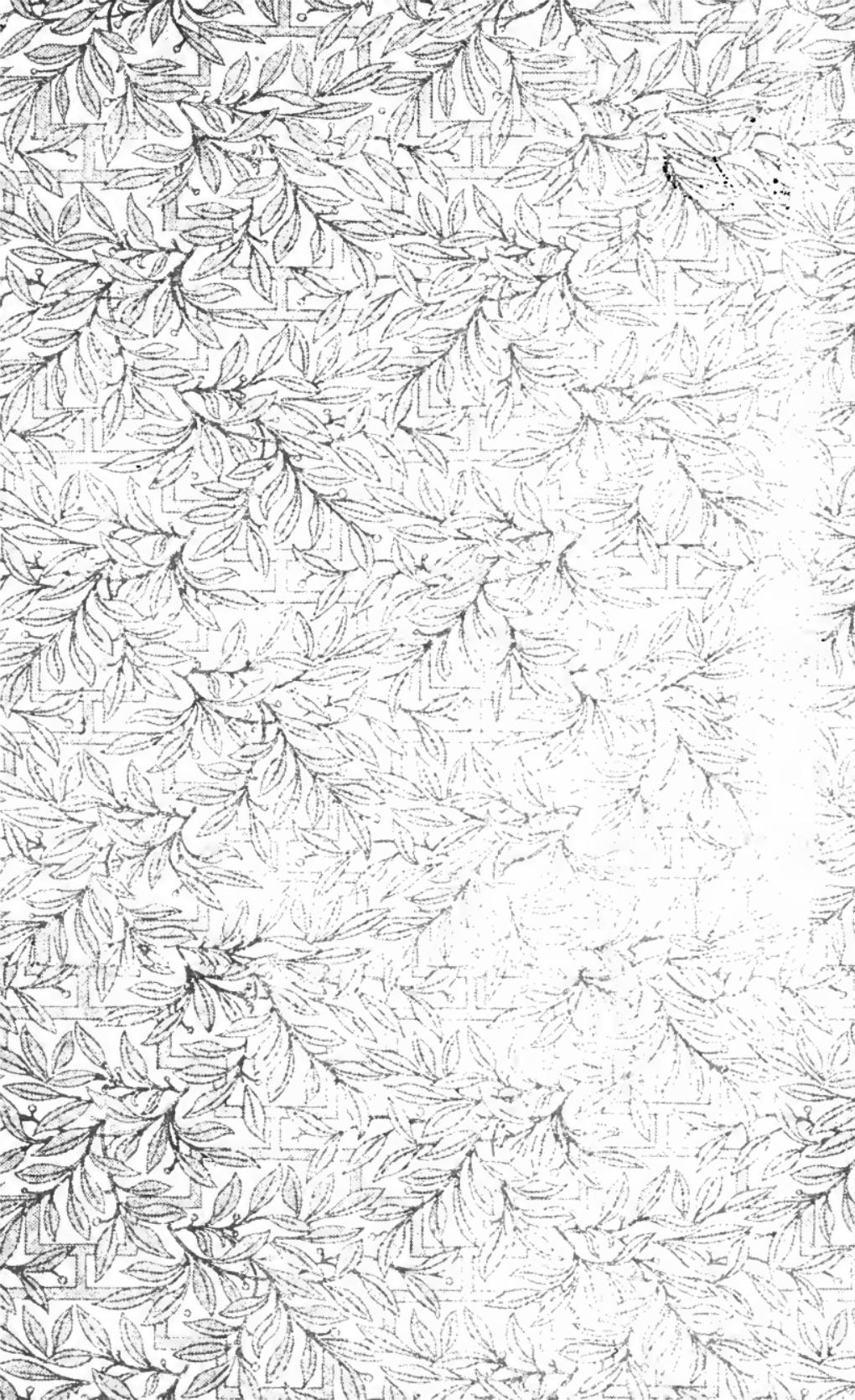
HAMESPUN RHYMES

FRAE THE SPINNIN' JENNY.



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HAMESPUN RHYMES FRAE THE
SPINNIN' JENNY.



By John Singer, Galashiels.



LOAN STACK

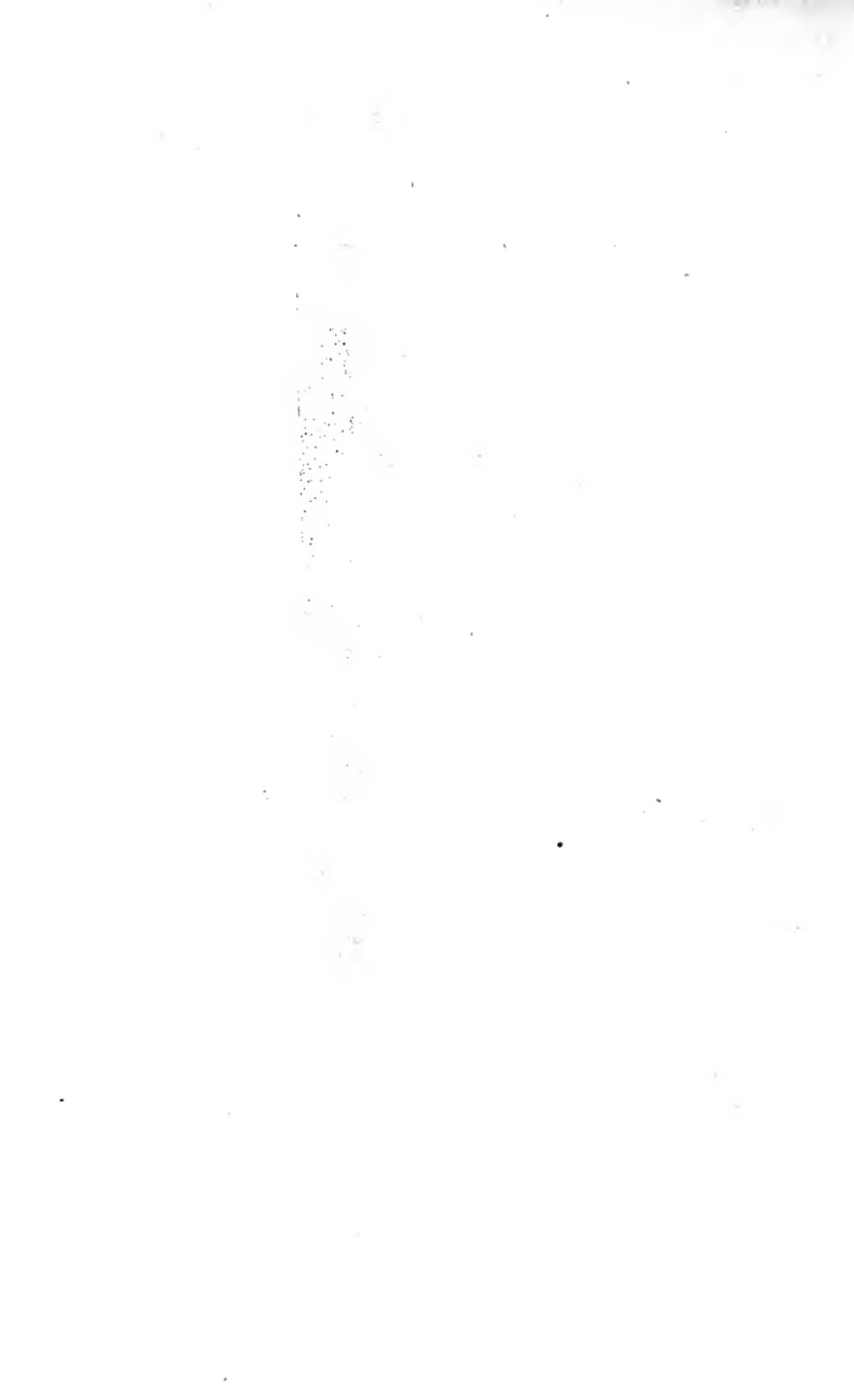
GALASHIELS :

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1896.



JOHN SINGER.



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PREFACE.

This volume of "Hamespun Rhymes" is published at the request of a large circle of friends, who expressed the desire to have them preserved in some tangible form. The author trusts that his humble efforts will afford pleasure to those who appreciate the Muse written in the "braid auld Scottish tongue."

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HAMESPUN RHYMES FRAE THE SPINNIN' JENNY.



Childhood.

O the happy days of childhood !
How they linger with us still,
And their wreaths of sunny memories
Our fond hearts ever fill
With a longing and a striving
For those happy days again,
When our hearts were free from sorrow
And the world's bitter pain.

And as careless laughin' children
We roamed ower braes and bowers,
In the blythesome days of summer,
With its wealth of fairy flowers.
How we fondly gaze on each loved scene
That memory now endears,
As we view them down the vista
Of the intervening years.

O the happy days of childhood !
Our dreams have changed since then :
When we longed with childish longings
For the time when we were men.

The world seemed fair before us—
 No clouds obscured our sky,
 No thought e'er crossed our childish minds
 Of sorrow by and bye.

But our dreams have changed to waking—
 We have tasted bitter pain,
 And the memory of those sunny hours
 Comes to us ower again,
 Like a gleam of joyous sunshine bright
 To lighten up the gloom
 Of life's uncertain pathway, till
 At last we reach the tomb.

O, the happy days of childhood !
 How fondly yet we turn
 To each loved spot we knew so well—
 The bonnie wimpling burn.
 We seem to hear the voices still,
 Like music soft and sweet,
 When as careless laughin' children bright
 We ran with joyous feet.

May the children all be happy,
 For their vision will not last ;
 They soon must wake to sterner strife,
 Their dreaming will be past—
 For rough and steep's the pathway
 Over life's uncertain road,
 Till at last their journey's ended
 At their Father's loved abode.

O, the happy days of childhood !
 Their memory ne'er will fade ;
 Though hearts grow old and weary,
 And friends, alas ! have fled,
 And death's shadows deepen round us
 Like the coming of the night,
 And all seems dark about us,
 Without one ray of light.

The memory of our childhood
 Shall pierce the darkness through
 With a radiance shining brighter
 Than the world ever knew.
 O, the happy days of childhood !
 How they linger with us still,
 And their sunny, sunny memories
 Our fond hearts ever fill.



Scotland for Ever.

Land of the mountain an' clear sparkling fountain,
 Aince again will I sing in your praise :
 Sae ancient and hoary, enshrined aye in story,
 Ilk upland an' valley an' green flowery braes.

Oft do I ponder, when o'er thee I wander,
 On thy beauty majestic, sae stern an' grand ;
 Resplendent in glory ilk strath, hill, an' corrie,
 Ilk streamlet an' loch o' oor ain native land.

Sae rugged an' stern is each mountain and cairn,
 As the mist like a mantle enshrouds them in gloom,
 Which slowly arising frae off the horizon
 Shows drest in their beauty the heather an' broom.

The sun brightly glancing, thy beauty enhancing,
 Throws sweetly its light over muirland an' fell ;
 The woodlands are ringing wi' birds sweetly singing ;
 The burn meanders round hill and fair dell.

Thy scenery the rarest, thy daughters the fairest,
 Like gems o' rare brichtness that dazzle the een
 Wi' their beauty bewitching an' charms sae enriching—
 Sae modest an' gentle, sae graceful in mein.

Thy sons fought like heroes frae tyrants to free us,
 And give us the freedom that Scotchmen hold dear ;
 Such tyrants will never the ties again sever,
 For Scotland stands steady, nae foe does she fear.



The Bonnie Bairnies.

Dae ye ken yon bonnie bairnie
 Wi' the witchin' een sae blue,
 Cheeks like simmer roses,
 An' red ripe cherrie moo' ?
 Aye laughin', daffin', dancin'
 Frae mornin' licht tae e'en ;
 He ne'er will gie his mither peace,
 Her wark is never dune.

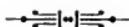
See him playin' at bo-peep
 At the screech o' day,
 Winna cuddle doon again
 Tho' his mither say
 That there is an auld carle
 Coming up the stair,
 Seeking bairns that winna sleep ;
 But he disna care.

Saw ye sic a bairnie,
 Foo o' fun an' glee,
 Winna sit a minute still
 On his mither's knee ;
 Noo he's at the auld cat,
 Poking oot its een—
 Sic a steerin' laddie
 I'm sure was never seen.

There he's at his tricks again,
 Heard ye sic a din ?
 Turnin' a'thing upside down,
 Rinnin' oot an' in.
 Guidsakes, laddie, sic a mess ;
 Where has my laddie been ?
 Wi' glaur yer ower the very heid,
 Yer like was never seen !

He's surely unco quiet like ;
 What's he daein' noo ?
 Sittin' like an auld man,
 His hands upon his broo ;
 What the laddie's thinking
 It cowes us a' tae ken—
 Is he biggin' castles
 Like mony muckle men ?

Heaven bless the bairnies !
 Keep them free o' guile,
 For they cheer oor cosy hames
 Wi' their sunny smile.
 May they a' be happy,
 For childhood sune will flee ;
 The world wi' its cauldrie care
 Will chase awa' their glee.



Dae ye min' o' Gala's Braes ?

Dae ye min' o' Gala's braes,
 Whaur we spent our youthfu' days
 Climbin' trees an' hedges,
 Tearin' a' oor claise ;
 An' we ran wi' lightsome speed
 Ower the hills doon tae the Tweed ;
 Syne gumpit for the minnows till the gloamin'.

Dae ye min' o' Pate McNeil
 When laddies at the schule,
 Hoo the maister used tae ca' him
 A lazy ne'er-do-weel ?
 Noo he's climbed the tree o' fame,
 And made himsel' a name,
 Though aince sae fu' o' pranks in the gloamin'.

Dae ye min' auld Tam McQueen
 When he lived in Cuddy Green,
 Hoo often we wad fash him
 Frae morning until e'en ?
 Hoo his cairt we'd tak' an' turn
 Ower into the Baker's Burn,
 Syne wad rin frae the bobbies in the gloamin' ?

Dae ye min' o' Lucky Broon,
 The plague o' ilka loon ?
 Hoo we used to tak' her cat awa'
 To the Tweed tae droon ?
 She swore, wi' muckle din,
 That she aye wad gie us in,
 Syne oor mithers gied's oor licks in the gloamin'.

Dae ye min' o' Lammas Fair,
 Wi' the fun an' daffin' there ?
 Hoo we joined amang the busy thrang,
 Wi' hearts aye free o' care ?
 Wi' what loving glances sweet,
 We ilk bonnie lass wad greet,
 Syne wad tryst wi' anither in the gloamin'.

But noo thae days are gane,
 Life's trials are a' but dune,
 An' unco sune we'll be at rest
 In heaven fair abune ;
 Whaur we'll sing sweet joyfu' sangs,
 Wi' the bright angelic thrangs,
 When oor spirit tak's its flight in the gloamin'.

There is Beauty Everywhere.

There is beauty in the mountains,
 In the heather-covered hill,
 In the swiftly-flowing river,
 And the little murmuring rill ;
 In the stars that shine so brightly
 'Mid the silence of the night,
 There is beauty in the radiance
 Of the moonbeam's silvern light.

There is beauty in the woodlands,
 In the fragrant-scented glen,
 And the fields so richly laden
 With the precious golden grain ;
 There is beauty all around us,
 In the flowers that deck the lea,
 Bringing joy to hearts that's weary
 With their pleasant witcherie.

There is beauty in the valleys,
 In the uplands calm and pure,
 And, in pleasant, sunny weather,
 On the heather-scented moor ;
 In every tree and blossom,
 Though it may be e'er so small—
 Could the eye but only see it,
 There is beauty in them all.



Sandy McCraw.

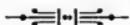
Nae far frae the Birks o' bonnie Blynlee,
 E'er Gala joins Tweed as it rows tae the sea,
 In a toon famed for claih an' lasses sae braw
 There lived a queer chiel named Sandy McCraw.
 For telling a story his like was ne'er seen,
 An' to hear him lay aff the deeds he has dune,
 Wi' hair-breadth escapes it's a wunner at a'
 He's aye living yet, auld Sandy McCraw.

He could spear ye a saumon, or rabbit can trap,
 For bailies or keepers he cared nae a rap ;
 There wisna a bailie in a' the Tweed's length
 Could grapple wi' Sandy in a trial o' strength.
 He'd tell to his cronies he made sax bailies rin
 Till, fair oot o' breath, they had to gie in ;
 But 'atween you an' me that wis naething ava,
 For first in the race wis Sandy McCraw.

But the best o' the stories that gied him his name,
 An' first raised oor freen' to the tap o' his fame,
 Wis ae nicht in the Harrow, amang a wheen mair,
 He wis sitting an' speaking an' drinking his share.
 Some lang-winded stories had gaen roon an' roon,
 But, as usual for Sandy, he put on the croon
 Wi'—There's nane can tell whaur I wis yestreen,
 Believe me or no, I wis up at the mune.

I wis tryin' the fishin', an' sat down awee
 To tak' a bit rest an' pu' aff a flee,
 An' as I sat watchin' the mune shinin' clear
 I heard a queer buzzin'-like soun' in my ear ;
 Sae I turned roon' aboot, an', to my surprise,
 A muckle big bird flew doon frae the skies ;
 Ye can believe me or no, it's the truth I declare—
 'The size o' the bird wis sax feet or mair.

I wis up on my feet, ye may be sure, in a crack,
 An' sune flung my legs across its braid back ;
 It fluffeder aboot for a meenit or twa,
 Syne spread oot it's wings an' flew far awa'—
 Left houses an' trees an' hill taps a' ahin',
 An' ne'er gied halt till close on the mune,
 An', wad ye believe it, I kent the man fine [syne.
 That wis taen up for stick-breaking ae Sunday lang



An Auld Man's Last Sang.

Ance mair I rax me doon my harp tae sing anither sang,
 For weel I ken my time on earth it canna noo be lang,
 For I hae passed the threshold noo o' life's allotted span,
 An' oh ! I'm longing sair to be in that fair heavenly lan'.

For noo I'm auld an' feckless, an' my locks are like the snaw,
 An' a' the freens o' youthfu' days frae me are far awa' ;
 An' oh ! I miss the kindly smile o' her that shared my lot,
 An' aye kept a'thing clean an' trig within oor wee bit cot.

Oor bairns a' hae left the hame that sheltered them sae lang :
 The parting wi' them, ane an' a', cost me fu' mony a pang,
 For weel I kent I never mair wad see them here again :
 For sune beside their mother dear my body wad be lain.

But oh ! I ken fu' brawly I'll meet them a' abune,
 In that land o' fadeless glory, when their wark on earth is
 dune,
 For I ken they lo'e their Saviour, and they promised ane
 an' a'
 Tae meet again in glory, afore they gaed awa.

Auld age should aye be honoured an' respected, sae I'm tauld,
 Yet how often are the old folks left oot stannin' i' the cauld ;
 It seems a man that's auld an' frail is o' nae use ava,
 And there's aye some ready tongue tae say he'd better be
 awa'.

But oh ! there's aye a welcome in our Faither's hame abune,
 Where a' the auld an' frail may rest, frae care an' trouble
 dune ;
 Wi' joy I'll hail the comin' o' that grand and glorious day,
 When on angels' wings I'm borne tae realms far away.

There I'll help tae swell the chorus, till heaven's echoes ring
 Wi' a' the glad hosannas tae Christ, oor lord an' king ;
 Then wi' joy I'll be united tae her I haud sae dear,
 Though lang we hae been pairted frae anither here.

Selkirk's Corby Linn.*(Inscribed to R. G.)*

In the simmer time I wander
 By the bonnie Corby Linn,
 Wi' its waters rinnin' ower the rock,
 Far frae the noise and din ;
 An' I canna think to leave it
 Till the gloamin' fa's aroon'—
 The bonnie vale o' Ettrick,
 An' Selkirk's ancient toon.

Hoo often when a laddie
 Hae I wandered through the wud ;
 Nae thocht o' care or sadness,
 O' sorrow ne'er a clud :
 An' ken't nae o' the weary strife,
 The warld's cauldrife froon,
 But ilka day mair brichter still
 In Selkirk's ancient toon.

When first aroon' my youthfu' heart
 Love threw its witchin' spell,
 Beside the Corby Linn I woo'd
 The flooer o' Ettrick Vale.
 Beneath the glamour o' her een
 Hoo fast the hoors gaed roon' ;
 Twa fonder hearts ye ne'er wad find
 In Selkirk's ancient toon.

An' though the years hae fled since then,
 It's aye as dear tae me
 As when I wandered through the wud,
 A laddie fu' o' glee.
 Frae carkin' care an' weary strife
 My heart it lifts aboon,
 Whene'er I see the Corby Linn
 An' Selkirk's ancient toon.

Fireside Musings.

Through the trees the winds were sighing,
 As the old year lay a-dying,
 When by the bright fireside I sat musing all alone,
 Till in fancy o'er me stealing
 Came a vision sweet, revealing
 The scenes of childhood's years by the winding River Don.

Once again the sun is shining,
 Till o'er Brimmond's Hill declining
 It sinks amid the splendour and the glory of the west,
 Through a mist of tears I see
 The cottage dear to me,
 That sheltered hearts in childhood's years, the kindest and
 the best.

I can see it as of yore,
 With the garden by the door,
 Where in the joyous summer time the rose in beauty grew.
 Dear to me is that spot,
 With its quaint old fashioned cot,
 The home of love so dear, that in childhood's years I knew.

And I hear the woodlands ringing
 With the birds so sweetly singing,
 And mingling with their music is the murmur of the Don ;
 As through Persley Den I stray,
 And over the flower-clad brae,
 Through the haunts and scenes of yore I wander all alone.

Through the well-known paths I'm straying,
 With the happy children playing,
 And the tree beside the well again I see of yore ;
 But I cannot see the faces
 In the old familiar places—
 Friends that were dear to me beside their cottage door.

For beneath the waving grass
 They sleep the sleep, alas !
 That knows no waking here but save beyond the tomb,
 Till that bright and glorious day,
 When the mists have rolled away,
 And have burst their cords asunder they shall pierce death's
 darksome gloom.



Upwards, Onward Ever.

Upwards, onwards, ever striving,
 That some good deed we may do,
 Some poor brother's heart to gladden
 As we journey life's way through.

Upwards, onwards, ever fighting
 For the right against the wrong ;
 Help the weary and faint-hearted—
 Brothers, sisters, who are strong.

Upwards, onwards, falt'ring never,
 Rough and steep though be the road :
 Blessed hope and consolation
 That it leads us to our God.

Upwards, onwards, sisters, brothers :
 There's a glorious prize to win,
 Mansions bright in Heaven eternal,
 If we triumph over sin.

Upwards, onwards, till at last
 Heaven its portals shall unfold,
 Clothed in robes of spotless whiteness
 We shall walk the streets of gold.

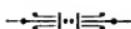
Poem

*Written for and read at the Annual Soiree and Ball of
Wheatlands Mill, held 18th January, 1895.*

When wintry winds blaw cauld and snell,
 Wi' angry souch, through Gala's vale,
 An' Buckholm Hill is cled wi' snaw,
 An' simmer's floo'ers are a' awa';
 When warbling birds amang the trees
 Seek shelter frae the biting breeze,
 An' ragged bairns alang the street
 Gang cauldrife noo wi' hacket feet :
 Hoo blythe it is to meet wi' glee
 At this our annual mill soiree,
 Wi' witchin' sang an' music sweet,
 An' ilka yin like brithers meet.
 Freed frae the noise an' din o' wheels,
 Hoo lichtsome ilka heart noo feels,
 As to the winds they fling dull care,
 This nicht o' fun to hae their share.
 We've heard hoo, when the cauld win's blaw,
 An' Jock o' Hazeldean's awa';
 O' Stirling Brig, and what is mair,
 That witchin' sang, Robin Adair;
 Down by the river side we've been,
 Our sweetheart when a boy we've seen ;
 Old Virginia still we'll sing ;
 We've seen the hornpipe an' the Highland fling.
 Noo lads an' lassies a' are fain
 To hear the fiddle's blythesome strain
 Strike up some guid auld-fashioned reel,
 Till auld folks they begin to feel
 Their hearts grow light, an' fain wad join
 The dancers yet for auld langsyne ;
 An' ilka yin sae happy an' content,
 Wi' smilin' faces, a' on pleasure bent.
 Gala's famed for tweeds an' bonnie lassies,
 An' braw, braw lads that far surpasses
 The Flow'rs o' the Forest, Teri Odin,
 Sons o' heroes slain at Flodden.
 But faith, gin ye'll believe me still,

The best o' a's at Wheatlands Mill.
 Hearts will be wooed an' won this nicht,
 For love glints in their een sae bright ;
 An' ilka yin's weel pleased to see
 Their masters sharing in their glee ;
 Their wives an' a' their bairns fair
 Are here this nicht our joy tae share.
 Gin ilka maister in oor lan'
 Wad only try the self-same plan,
 An' let their workers ever feel
 They had some interest in their weal,
 Instead o' trying a' they can
 To crush the very soul o' man.
 Sic scenes like these gar auld an' young
 Forget dull care an' poortith cauld,
 An' lift the heart abune the strife
 An' a' the weary cares o' life.
 Nae doot ye're prood as well as me
 Oor worthy maister noo tae see
 As Provost o' oor toon, sae braw—
 He'll be a credit tae us a'.
 Láng may he rule the Council ban'
 Aye wi' a firm an' steady han',
 For faith I ken, 'tween me an' you,
 They sometimes are a kittle crew.
 Wha kens but under him we'll see
 A pleasure park at Mossilee,
 An' maybe see the Corn Mill
 Doon at the fit o' Gala hill ;
 An' biggins braw, ranged in a square,
 Is what we'll maybe yet see there ;
 An' doon the length o' Gala fit
 A braw new brig ye'll see ower it ;
 An' Channel Street be opened wide—
 The fairest in the Border side.
 Frae Gala Lodge tae Mossilee,
 Frae that richt tae the Seven Tree,
 New streets be opened yet, I ween,
 Or else I'm surely sair mista'en.
 It aiblins yet may be oor lot

To hae a famous Hawick Moat ;
 But as for that we dinna care
 As lang's we only hae a share
 O' guid trade, and that we may see
 The spindles turn right merrily,
 An' weavers nae mair idle be,
 But aye the shuttles backward flee.
 Lang may we see warp mills gang roon',
 Success aye a' oor efforts crown,
 An' may the future years aye still
 Bring plenty wark tae Wheatlands Mill.
 An' noo I wish tae a' that's here
 A happy, prosperous, guid New Year ;
 As lang as Gala rins to Tweed,
 An' Tweed rins to the sea,
 It's may the tweed o' Wheatlands Mill
 Aye foremost bear the gree.



Night.

The sun sinks low,
 And the breezes blow,
 As I stand on the Eildon hills,
 And watch the flight
 Of the waning light
 Till my soul with rapture thrills.

All hushed and still
 Save the tinkling rill,
 And the birds in the woodlands dim,
 As through the trees
 On the gentle breeze
 Comes the music of Nature's hymn.

And I stand and gaze
 Through the gathering haze,
 As the shadows of evening fall
 Over hill and glen
 And the lofty ben
 Till the darkness is round them all.

Sweet peace and rest
 Filled my aching breast
 'Mid the gathering gloom, as I stood
 On the hill-top lone,
 From world's strife unknown,
 And dreamt 'mid the vastest solitude.

And the twinkling star
 That is gleaming afar
 Looks down with its kindly beams,
 As over my soul
 The bright scenes roll
 From the land of mystic dreams.

Such scenes like these
 Are moments of bliss,
 And bring joy to the poets' soul,
 And their breasts inspire
 With a mystic fire
 As the visions around them roll.



A Song of Love. *(To Dino.)*

O for the muse to tune my lyre,
 And touch with a power divine,
 That I may sing from a heart of love
 A song, dearest friend, to thine !

How sweet to this wearied heart of mine,
 Like a breath of the summer air,
 Or the sweet perfume of the fragrant flowers,
 Comes thy voice so sweet and rare.

My heart is cheered with thy soft, sweet lays,
 And their message of peace and love :
 They waft my thoughts from this earth away
 To the realms of bliss above.

I long to clasp in a fond, loving grasp,
 And wish thee God-speed, my friend ;
 So a greeting of peace on the wings of love
 From my heart, dear friend, I send.

Sing on, my friend, till the world shall feel
 The power of thy words divine ;
 Sing on, sing on, they at least shall find
 A place in this heart of mine.

And when from the care and the weary pain
 Your soul is at last set free,
 In the fair, sweet bowers of heaven above.
 May you rest through eternity.



A Song of Victory.

(Inscribed to the Gala Seven, 1891.)

Come, rouse ye sons of Gala,
 And sing in cheerful strain,
 Till hills and valleys waken
 And echoes back again
 The glorious shouts of victory.
 Let those who will, deride,
 We hail the Border champions—
 Famed Gala's seven-a-side

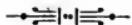
It's heard on the mountains, it's ringing through the glen,
 It echoes through the valleys, far and wide ;
 In cheerful notes of song, the hill tops they prolong
 The victories of Gala's seven-a-side.

All hail the gallant seven !
 For glorious deeds they've done :
 The sons of heroes vanquished,
 And thrice the victory won.
 Loud raise your voice in singing,
 Till far o'er Scotland wide
 Their praise shall aye be ringing—
 Famed Gala's seven-a-side.

It's heard on the mountains, it's ringing through the glen,
 It echoes o'er the valleys, far and wide ;
 In cheerful notes of song, the hill tops they prolong
 The victories of Gala's seven-a-side.

There's Ward, and Ford, and Dalgleish,
 And Rutherford, combined
 With Brydon, Smith, and Murdison—
 No better men you'll find.
 So swift of foot, and steady,
 They pass and dribble clean—
 They're champions of the Border
 This season now, I ween.

It's heard on the mountains, it's ringing through the glen,
 It echoes o'er the valleys, far and wide ;
 In cheerful notes of song, the hill tops they prolong
 The victories of Gala's seven-a-side.



The Maiden's Bustle.

A maiden, to a pic-nic bound,
 Cries, " Coachman, coachman tarry,
 For I am late, so you maun wait
 Me on the road to carry."

" And wha be ye that I maun wait,
 This unco burning weather ?"
 " O, I'm a weaver lass," she said,
 " And live here wi' my mither.

" And sair I've worked the hale week lang,
 The quickly-flying shuttle,
 To gather gear to buy mysel'
 The latest style o' bustle."

" But I am late," the coachman cried ;
 " I daurna tarry langer,
 For sair I dread my master's tongue
 When ance he's in his anger."

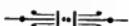
The coach drove on along the road ;
 The wind the leaves did rustle ;
 While to the door the maiden ran,
 Clasped in her hands her bustle.

" Stop, coachman, stop," she cried, wi' tears
 That ower her cheeks did hustle ;
 And as she ran the maid let fa',
 And left behind, her bustle.

Twa muckle dogs upon the green,
 Engaged in friendly tussle,
 Wi' one consent left aff their play
 And seized the maiden's bustle.

" Come back, come back," she cried, in vain ;
 The coachman loud did whustle.
 The dogs held on ; the maiden cried,
 " My bustle ! oh, my bustle !"

The coachman he drove on tae Stow,
 Wi' laughter nearly fainting ;
 And left the maiden fair behind,
 Her bustle sair lamenting.



Elwand's Glen.

Awake, my muse, in cheerful strain,
 To sing the praise of Elwand's glen ;
 Break forth in love's exulting song,
 Till echoes loud the notes prolong.
 Entranced I wander through the dell,
 While ower me seemed some fairy spell,
 Till, lost in wonder and amaze,
 I raise to heaven a song of praise.

Oh, gentle shade ! oh, cool retreat !
 Where all may rest from noon tide's heat,
 Far from the city's din and roar,
 Till from this earth their thoughts would soar
 Beyond this vale of sin and woe,
 Where neither pain nor grief they know,
 'Midst brighter scenes in heaven above,
 Where all is peace, and Christ is love.

Oh, lovely glen ! bedecked with flowers,
 And many shady lovers' bowers :
 Where lovers wander by the score,
 And tell the tale oft told before.
 How many in thy quiet dell
 Have listened to the oft-told tale
 Of love, and all its hopes and fears,
 That never change with changing years

Fair, lovely glen, where poets love
 To tune their songs to God above,
 And lovers love to linger long
 To listen to the blackbird's song ;
 Oh, lovely glen ! I fain would bide
 For ever on thy burnie's side ;
 But though in lands far ower the sea,
 My thoughts will oftentimes turn to thee.

How many in their youthful days
 Have wandered ower thy bonnie braes,
 But now in other lands do roam—
 Far from the Elwand and their home.
 Yet often, when their labour's o'er,
 They sit beside their cottage door,
 And mind upon thy bonnie braes
 Where aft they gathered hips and slaes.



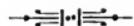
To Effie, Galashiels.

Oh, come ! fair muse, inspire my lay,
 That I may sing the lea lang day
 O' ane o' thine ain brichtest rays
 Wha wooed thee lang :
 But noo has climbed Parnassus brae
 Fu' steep and strang.

For far and wide has spread the fame
 O' the Border lass, o' modest name—
 Sure when she gangs tae her last hame
 It's there before her ;
 And though in ither parts I roam,
 I'll aye adore her.

Fu' sweetly does she weave ilk sang,
 Well worthy o' a place amang
 Fair Scotland's famed and honoured thrang
 O' bardies rare ;
 And may she yet be spared fu' lang
 Tae gi'e us mair.

Lang may she wield her tuneful lyre,
 That's strung wi' true poetic fire,
 And may the muses never tire
 O' a' her wooing,
 But keep her aye through strife and ire
 Her way pursuing.



Thoughts on Life.

Oft in fancy's flight I ponder
 By the fireside's ruddy glow,
 While my soul is lost in wonder
 As the shadows come and go.

Is this life of ours a shadow—
 Nothing but an empty show ?
 When within our grave so narrow,
 Is there nothing else we know ?

Is there not some fairer region
 Where immortal spirits go,
 And the hosts of God are legion,
 Washed as white's the driven snow ?

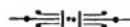
Are we not progressing upwards,
 Nearer still towards the goal,
 While our life is fleeting onward,
 As time's ceaseless currents roll ?

Is there not diviner nature
 Planted now within our breast ?
 Do we not live for the future
 Entering into heavenly rest ?

For methinks there's something better—
 There's a life beyond the tomb,
 When our soul shall be unfettered
 We shall pierce death's darksome gloom.

Let us then be up and doing,
 Arm ourselves as for the fight :
 Onward still our way pursuing,
 Evermore towards the light.

Why sit idly dreaming, dozing
 All life's precious hours away ;
 While the battle we are losing
 Soon will come the crowning day.



Poem

Written for and read at the Annual Supper of the "Rose o' Gala" Lodge, B.O.A.F.G., February, 1889.

Awake, my muse, once more and sing,
 Thy choicest offerings gladly bring ;
 Atune your lyre in cheerful song,
 The echoes loud, the notes prolong ;
 Till warbling birds take up the strain,
 And woodland groves shall ring again
 With sounds of music rich and free,
 The heaven-born songs of melody.

Once more in honoured friendship sweet
 Around the festive board we meet,
 Our hearts aglow with mirth and glee,
 A glorious band of Gard'ners Free ;

Bound by the ties of love divine,
 While charity and mercy twine
 A garland round our banner fair,
 With hope and thrift divinely rare.

Our aims are one, our hopes we share,
 Each other's burdens help to bear ;
 Our motto, Peace to all mankind,
 Within our circle love they find ;
 The widow and the orphan's friend,
 We help and comfort gladly send,
 And wipe the weary, tear-stained eyes,
 And bid them look beyond the skies.

We give the hand in friendship good,
 And welcome to our brotherhood
 Each noble, hardy son of toil,
 Who 'midst earth's cares and fierce turmoil
 For independence bravely fight,
 And nobly strive to do the right ;
 Tho' pressed by want, grim, gaunt, and bare,
 A brother's burdens helps to share.

Methinks a brighter day is near—
 The dayspring of that happier sphere,
 Where love's the universal plan,
 And man shall join his fellow-man ;
 This earth a garden fair to see,
 And all mankind shall Gard'ners be ;
 Grim poverty and want no more be found,
 But peace and plenty reign around.

And thrift shall reign in palace and in cot,
 Each one happy and contented with his lot ;
 Love's star in triumph rise resplendent,
 And man can boast of being independent ;
 Rank and wealth no more shall look with scorn
 Upon the peasant, poor and lowly born :
 But each shall strive within his sphere to shine,
 And make this earth like heaven above, divine.

Thrice welcome, then, that glorious day,
 When love o'er all the world holds sway,
 When earth's no more the seat of vice,
 But one long blissful Paradise :
 Where all shall taste the fruits of love,
 And dwell in peace like heaven above ;
 When man to man shall brothers be,
 And each and all be Gard'ners Free.

Long may the " Rose o' Gala " twine
 Its tendrils like the ivy vine,
 Its branches spread until its fame
 Each noble son of toil proclaim ;
 Our noble Order still increase,
 Its power for good may never cease
 Till hate and scorn are swept away,
 And love and friendship rule the day.



Gloamin's Fa'.

When simmer winds fu' saftly blaw
 Ower heather hills and daisied lea,
 In Elwand's glen at gloamin' fa'
 I'll meet the lassie dear to me,
 Whaur grows the bonnie hawthorn bush,
 An' blooms the bricht blue bell,
 An' sweetly sings the blythesome thrush
 In yon green fairy dell.

The laverock echoes wi' its sang
 Ilk glen an' fairy glade,
 The cushat coo's the hale day lang
 Doun in the thickest shade,
 An' sun-glints kiss the murmuring rill
 Afore the nicht cluds fa',
 Twa bonnie een my bosom thrill,
 An' love's sweet thochts reca'.

I lo'e the bonnie birken bower,
 Whaur zephyrs saftly blaw,
 An' dewdraps glint on ilka floo'r,
 Like pearly gems sae braw.
 I lo'e the witchin' hour at e'en,
 The blythesome gloamin' fa',
 To rove alang wi' bonnie Jean,
 The dearest lass o' a'.

Fu' bonnie is the lark's sweet sang
 At break o' early day :
 When soaring high, the clouds amang,
 It lilts a cheerie lay.
 But O I lo'e the gloaming 'oor,
 When fond hearts seek the dell,
 The sheltered glen, and shady bower,
 And love's sweet story tell.



Anither Screed frae Life.

(An Epistle to Ettrick.)

When sitting dreaming late at e'en.
 Ae weary, wintry nicht my lane,
 Afore the fire,
 The muse cam' jinkin' saftly ben
 An' gaur'd me firmly grip my pen,
 An' tune my lyre,
 To woo the fickle jade again,
 That's left me lang,
 An' lilt aince mair, in hamely strain,
 A wee bit sang.
 Sae cheerie, no weary,
 Aye daeing a' I can
 To cheer aye the heart aye,
 O' oor brither man.

Amid life's weary strife an' din
 We see hoo frouk will strive to win
 The warld's gear an' pelf;
 'Gainst sorrow's cry their heart they steal :
 A brither's woes they never feel :
 Their only cry is self.
 They plan an' scheme baith day an' nicht,
 Aye daein' a' they can
 To gain ambition's giddy heicht,
 An' rob their fellow-man.
 Nae heeding tho' bleeding
 Puir hearts e'en may be,
 An' crying an' sighing
 Thro' want an' misery.

Hoo true what Robbie Burns aince said :
 Man's inhumanity to man aye made
 His ither brithers mourn.
 Hoo aft we hear the bitter cry,
 The deep, despairing, heart-wrung sigh,
 Nae matter hoo we turn ;
 It's a' the same the warld ower :
 The puir they aye maun slave,
 An' 'neath the rich man's whip maun cower
 Frae cradle to the grave.
 Aye strivin' an' rinin' :
 They look wi' greedy e'e,
 Nae carin' tho' despairin'
 A brither's heart may be.

Eh, sirce ! to think that men will spurn
 God's law divine, an' cause to mourn
 His ither brithers a',
 Wha toil frae morn till late at e'en,
 Until life's weary strife is dune—
 His back aye at the wa' ;
 If but the Poo'ers aboon wad gie
 A wee bit licht
 To them that hae the gear, to see
 An' spen' it richt.

Ne'er hain it but spen' it,
 The god-gifts gi'en to share,
 To lichten an' brichten
 The hearts o' thousands mair.

The sneaking, cringing, knavish loon
 That tries tae haud his neibours doon,
 I heartily detest ;
 Wha becks an' boo's wi' mony a smile,
 Yet in his heart he lo'es the while
 Hissel' the best,
 An' tries a' airts an' plans to gain
 The warld's pelf ;
 E'en tramplin' ower his fellow-men
 For sake o' self.
 Aye stinin' an' plannin'
 Hoo the gear to gain ;
 Nae carin' nor sharin'
 Wi' their brither man.

A plague upon those greedy, grasping men
 Wha e'en wad skin a flea if it wad gain
 To them a pickle gear ;
 Whase only prayer by nicht, an' cry by day
 Is gie us mair ; we carena what fouk say ;
 There's nocht we fear.
 I'd scorn sic actions ; low, mean, selfish loons :
 Nae worth the name o' men,
 Wha e'en for self wad haud their neibours doon,
 Like some I ken.
 Then blame them, an' shame them,
 Wha haud their brithers doon ;
 In heaven they never
 Will gain the gowden croon.

Oh ! that the law of love divine,
 Within ilk human heart wad shine,
 An' men be brithers a' :
 Hoo sune wad cease the waefu' sigh,
 The deep, despairin', heart-wrung cry,

Nae bitter tears wad fa' ;
 Sweet peace wad reign, an' cank'rous hate
 Wad vanish unco soon ;
 The rich man frae his high estate
 In freenship wad look doon.
 Nae sighin' nor cryin',
 Each daein' a' they can
 To act aye, their part aye,
 To their brither man.

Then richtly steer yer course alang,
 Aye croonin' to yersel' a sang
 Tae keep yer spirits licht ;
 An' ne'er gie heed tho' frouk may froon,
 An' knavish loons may haud ye doon,
 As lang as ye dae richt.
 Aye heavenward cast yer thochts, abune
 Life's weary strife an' din :
 Sae when yer life on earth is dune,
 The gowden crown ye'll win.
 Then sing aye, an' bring aye,
 That bricht day nearer han' :
 When brither wi' ithers
 Shall live ilk brither man.



Auld Tammy Broon.

At the side o' a wud where Gala rins doon,
 In a wee thicket cot lived Auld Tammy Broon :
 As cheerie an auld carle as e'er ye wad see
 Tho' ye searched thro' the hale o' the sooth countrie.
 A packman was Tammy, an' at markets an' fairs
 Ye were sure aye tae meet him displayin' his wares ;
 There wasna a farm or cottar hoose roon',
 But aye had a welcome for Auld Tammy Broon.

A muckle broad bannet aye happit his heid,
 His cleedin' was made o' oor ain Gala tweed ;
 The threeds might be rough, but they suited him fine,
 For Tam wasna o' the pernickity kin'
 That canna wear this or canna wear that,
 An' maun e'en sen' to Lunnon for this new season's hat.
 Contented, there ne'er on his face was a froon,
 Aye cheerfu' an' blythe was Auld Tammy Broon.

A kind word for the bairns, for the lassies a smile,
 The hearts an' the purse o' the guidwives he'd wile
 Wi' some pauky story, as he spread oot tae view
 Sic a lot o' braw things, a' sae bonnie an' new—
 The maist winnerfu' pack that ever you saw—
 There were buttons on cardboard, a' stuck in a raw,
 An' trimmin's o' a' kind, baith narra an' wide,
 An' bonnie breast knots to busk a braw bride.

Wi' stays an' staylaces, some needles and threed,
 An' wabs o' fine linen an' a' kinds o' tweed,
 Some frocks for the bairns, wi' baith hooks an' eyes,
 An' bricht coloured ribbons an' bravest o' ties,
 Wi' shirtin' an' towels, hame-made socks an' hose,
 An' muckle big hankies for blawin' yer nose ;
 Some yairds o' fine wincey frae famed Aberdeen,
 An' glasses for auld folks an' a' kinds o' een.

Awa' in a corner were some odds an' ends,
 Sic as sleeve-links an' studs, an' a' kinds o' pens,
 An' ear-rings an' brooches, an' hair-preens an' kaims,
 An' braw muslin mutches for crusty auld dames,
 An' books wi' fine pictures, an' knives for the boys,
 An' peeries an' bools an' a' kinds o' toys,
 Wi' a lot o' fine print to mak' a new goon,
 Yell find in the pack o' Auld Tammy Broon.

The Woods o' Torwoodlee.

When sinks the summer's sun oot ower
 The tap o' Meigle Hill,
 I love to wander through the glen,
 Beside the murmuring rill,
 An' fondly muse when florets bloom,
 An' Gala rins wi' glee—
 Aye singing as it rows amang
 The woods o' Torwoodlee.

There nature lo'es tae shower its wealth,
 An' dress wi' beauty rare :
 Ilk tree, an' field, an' meadow green,
 An' floret blooming fair.
 O, blissfu' 'oor, at gloamin' time,
 Frae care an' labour free,
 Wi' lightsome step I fondly rove
 The woods o' Torwoodlee.

Heart sair an' weary aft I roam,
 When nicht's dark shadows fa',
 Amang the flowers an' fairy bowers
 Whaur fragrant zephyrs blaw ;
 The beauties on the bushy dell
 Gaur lurking care aye flee,
 An' pleasure come, whene'er I roam
 The woods o' Torwoodlee.

When 'mang the weary strife an' din,
 An' noise o' factory wheels,
 Back to the fields an' woodlands green
 Fond memory often steals :
 I hear the wee birds lilt ance mair
 Their sangs o' joyous glee,
 Until their echoes ring again
 The woods o' Torwoodlee.

My Ain Bonnie May.

At the fit o' the glen
 Whaur the burnie rins doon,
 An' the wind it souchs by
 Wi' an eerie-like soon',
 In a snug little cot,
 On the crest o' the brae,
 There lives a young lassie—
 My ain bonnie May.

Her twa bonnie een
 Are as black as the slae
 That grows on the bush
 At the top o' the brae :
 Her lips like a rosebud
 Half opened to view,
 An' her heart wi' love beating
 Sae fondly an' true ;

An' sae blythesome an' cheerie
 I gang aye sae fain,
 To tryst in the gloamin'
 At the fit o' the glen.
 'Mang the broom an' the bracken
 Hoo the 'oors speed away ;
 I'm wae aye to leave her—
 My ain bonnie May.

Doon yon dell the mavis lo'es
 Tae sing its blythesome strain ;
 The cushat lo'es the shady grove :
 I lo'e yon bonnie glen,
 Wi' the snug little cot
 On the gowan-cover'd brae,
 That shields frae the blast
 Aye my ain bonnie May.

In Freen'ship Sweet.

In freen'ship sweet wi' yin anither
 At Jamie Hair's there did forgather,
 To pass the 'oors wi' sang an' clatter,
 Some braw, braw lads o' Gala Water.
 I'm sure, thro' a' the land o' Scott,
 Ye ne'er wad find a blyther lot :
 Ilka yin sae cheerie an' sae happy
 As aye they took anither drappie ;
 An' rantin' sang gaed roon' wi' glee,
 That garred the 'oors like minutes flee ;
 An' then sic stories some wad tell
 Aboot some bird they'd bred themsel'.
 A braw buff cock or yellow hen,
 Piebald, green, or Belgian,
 Or some plain-head, or Norwich crested,
 Was what some ither's fancy rested.
 Some ither yin will tell ye hoo
 They'd bred some awfu' famous doo,
 A pouter, jack, or yet a homer,
 An English owl that is nae roamer,
 Turbit, fantails, short-faced tumblers,
 Wad please the very warst o' grumbliers ;
 Some yellow, black, or red magpie
 That never missed the judge's eye.
 We'd hear o' blacks, an' beards, an' bald
 That wisna yet a twalmonth auld ;
 To hear them speak o' homer fle'ers
 Wad gar yin think some folk were le'ers,
 As if the warld didna ken
 Bird fanciers a' were honest men ;
 An' faith I ken, 'tween me an' you,
 They are a blithesome, jolly crew,
 Though ilka yin may think their ain
 Is better far than ither men.

The Wuds o' Traquair.

Brightly the sun shines o'er
 The wuds o' Traquair,
 Whaur I roamed in days o' yore—
 Heart free o' care.
 But noo they canna gie
 Pleasures aince dear to me:
 Nae mair again I'll see
 Jamie, sae fair.

Sweet was the wee bird's sang,
 Liltin' sae rare,
 As fondly we roved amang
 The wuds o' Traquair ;
 But noo it's past an' gane—
 Wearie I roam my lane—
 Ne'er will I meet at e'en
 Jamie, sae fair.

Dear were the 'oors we spent
 'Mid scenes sae rare :
 Nae thocht o' sorrow ken't—
 Ne'er had a care :
 Fondly we used tae stray
 O'er bank an' flowery brae,
 But noo he's far away—
 Jamie, sae fair.

Dowie I roam my lane
 The wuds o' Traquair :
 The licht o' my life has gane—
 My heart is sair ;
 Far o'er yon stormy sea
 Jamie has gane frae me ;
 Sair was the parting wi'
 Jamie, sae fair.

The Big Channel Stane.

(Inscribed to the Gala Curling Club.)

When winter comes roon' wi' its cauld blasts o' snaw,
 An' the lochs are a' covered wi' ice grippin' keen,
 Though the wind may blaw cauld, its up an' awa'
 To the pond wi' the broom an' the big channel steen.

Ye may talk as ye like o' lawn tennis an' cricket,
 Yer billiards an' baseball, an' bools on the green,
 Yer gowf an' yer shinty an' fitba that's kickit,
 But the king o' them a' is the big channel steen.

To hear the stane whirrin' it sets the bluid stirrin',
 Gaurs young men an' auld men gang loupin' wi' glee,
 The rich an' the puir meet—nae sic thing as sir-in'—
 "Losh, Tammas, my man, ye are richt on the tee."

Frae daylight tae gloamin' the ice is aye steerin',
 Wi' the shoutin' an' sweepin' an' whirr o' the stane ;
 Sic laughin' an' daffin' an' rinnin' an' cheerin'—
 "Ye played that yin bonnie ; it was unco weel dune."

"I want it richt here noo," ye hear the skip cryin' ;
 "Tak' tent what yer daein' ; noo, just let us see ;
 Come richt in atween whaur the muckle stane's lyin'—
 Its a beauty that's comin' across ; lat it dee."

"Can ye gie me anither like that noo, my sonny,
 Ye'll ha'e tae be cautious ; noo tak' a guid look ;
 Its comin', man, bonnie—na, dinna soop ony ;
 Yer richt on the tee, ye've played like a book."

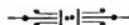
Then hurrah for the curlers noo, baith married an' single,
 An' the grand roaring game that brings strength tae the
 bane :
 Whaur the rich an' the puir in freen'ship aye mingle :
 They're brithers wi' ither when playing the stane.

The Songs of Burns.

AN ACROSTIC.

R inging clear, though years are fleeting :
 O nward still in ceaseless flow :
 B reathing love and joyous greeting,
 E arth is richer by their glow ;
 R ich and rare as streams of gladness,
 T hrills the heart, dispells the sadness.

B right they shine, rich gems revealing :
 U ndying aye shall be their fame :
 R arest strains of music stealing—
 N ear and far his praise proclaim :
 S cotland thrills at Burns's name.



Sick o' the Toon.

I'm sick o' the toon, wi' its strife an' sin,
 An' I lang for to hasten awa' :
 Whaur the floorets grow an' the burnie rins,
 An' the wee birds sing fu' braw,
 An' the sun-glints kiss the green hill taps
 Ere they sink in the gowden west ;
 Whaur the fragrant zephyrs saftly blaw,
 An' my wearied heart lulls to rest.

For the heart's sae sair wi' the waefu' sin
 An' strife ane sees i' the toon,
 That it lang for a peacefu', quiet retreat
 Far awa' frae the terrible soon' :
 Where nocht is heard but the bird's sweet sang
 Or the hum o' the gentle bee,
 The bleating o' sheep frae the green hillside,
 An' the burnie wimpling wi' glee.

I lo'e to sit in the lanesome dell
 Whaur the burn sings sweetly alang,
 An' the woodlands echo the lea-lang day
 Wi' the wee bird's blythesome sang ;
 An' the heart grows licht wi' a joy abune
 The warl' an' its weary care,
 The sorrow an' sin, the strife an' din,
 'Mid the scenes o' beauty rare.



Peace, be Still.

'Midst the din and noisy bustle,
 'Midst the warfare and the strife
 Of this never-ceasing struggle
 For the daily bread of life,
 Comes a voice of angel sweetness
 From the far-off heavenly sphere,
 Breathing words of love and mercy :
 Peace, be still, for I am near.

Peace, be still ! oh, soul that doubteth,
 There's a life beyond the grave !
 Christ our Saviour, now in glory,
 Came the lost to seek and save.
 Listen to his gentle pleading :
 Give, oh, give a willing ear
 To the accents sweet and tender !
 Peace, be still, for I am near.

Peace, be still ! ye faint and weary,
 Voyaging o'er life's stormy sea,
 Though the way be rough and dreary,
 Still it's God that leadeth thee.
 For amidst life's rudest storms
 We can feel his presence near,
 And his words, so sweet and tender :
 Peace, be still, and do not fear.

Peace, be still ! oh, words of comfort,
 When our journey's almost o'er,
 Waiting patient for the welcome
 To that bright celestial shore ;
 High above the angel chorus
 Comes a voice so sweet and clear—
 Wafted by the heavenly breezes :
 Peace, be still, for I am near.



My Native Hills.

Alang by the hillside I wandered fu' weary
 As the sun sunk in splendour awa' in the west :
 A' nature rejoicing, the birds singing cheery,
 A blythesome bit lilt ere they gaed tae their nest.
 Sad, sad and dowie, my heart nigh a-breaking,
 I wander through bracken an' bush a' my lane ;
 Ilk spot that I traverse some memory awaking
 O' days noo, alas ! far distant and gane.

Yonder the hill whaur I strayed in the gloaming,
 The gem of my heart pressed close to my breast ;
 In yon flowery dell, when tired wi' our roaming,
 'Mang the green leafy bowers we sweetly wad rest ;
 Weel dae I mind when I parted in anguish
 Frae scenes fondly cherished, to cross the wide main ;
 How sadly in sorrow an' tears did I languish
 To gaze on the hills of dear Scotland again.

Ilk strath, hill, an' valley is famous in story
 Wi' deeds o' oor faithers wha oft there hae trod ;
 Fought bravely like heroes, 'mid mountain an' corrie,
 For the cause they held dearly, their Saviour an' God.
 Aft hae I roamed, in lands ower the ocean,
 Through groves o' sweet myrtle, an' rich fertile plain,
 But my thoughts aft wad turn wi' heart-fond devotion
 To thy hills o' sweet heather, dear Scotland again.

An Aerostic.

T o thee, my muse shall raise, in cheerful strain,
 O n wings of love a glad, heartfelt refrain,
 A nd weave around thine honoured name
 L ove's golden brown, enshrined in glorious fame.
 B e strong, e'en though the way be dark as night ;
 R ight, truth, and love shall triumph over might ;
 O nward still press, until the victory's won,
 W hen love shall bind the nations' hearts in one ;
 N o tyrants rule, but Ireland boast of glorious liberty.

**Thoughts of Long Ago.**

As I sat ae nicht in the gloaming
 By the fireside's ruddy glow,
 There was borne on the wind's low moaning,
 Some thoughts of long ago.

I thought I saw in the fire-light
 Each well-remembered place
 In the dear auld hame of childhood,
 And each well-nigh forgotten face.

I seemed to hear the voices,
 In the wind's low gentle sigh,
 Of dear ones now in glory,
 In that land beyond the sky.

Then a mist came o'er my vision,
 And a tear bedimmed my e'e,
 As I thought of the absent loved ones,
 Who in this world nae mair I'll see.

Ance mair I roam in the gloaming
 Ilk well-remembered dell :

Where aft I mused and pondered
The lea-lang day mysel'.

But the end o' life draws nearer,
I've reached the gloaming grey,
And the summons soon will call me
To realms of endless day.



A Lassie's Lament.

Was ever a lassie tormented like me,
Losh my heart's near a-breaking in twa ;
My mither's forever a-flying at me
Since the laddie I lo'e went awa'.

Her tongue it gangs wagging frae morn till nicht,
There's naething can please her ava' ;
Whatever I dae its sure nae tae be richt
Since the laddie I lo'e went awa.

My life is a burden tae me, I declare,
For my sisters they me aye misca',
Tho' little they ken my heart is fu' sair
Since the laddie I lo'e went awa'.

They want me tae marry auld Tammas, the miller,
Wi' his acres o' lan' an' his kye,
An' yammer a' day o' his gear an' his siller,
An' his well-plenished farm forbye.

My mither, she says I'm an ill tae please jad ;
My faither says naething ava' :
But I ken he wad raither I'd marry the lad
That I lo'e, tho' he's noo far awa'.

But ye ken that my faither maun craw unco croose
An' say naething again her ava' ;
But e'en tho' my mither be head o' the hoose
I'll be true tae the lad that's awa'.

Sae the miller can gang tae my ain sister Jane
 An' offer tae mak' her fu' braw ;
 Contented I'll bide in a but an' a ben
 Wi' my true hearted lad that's awa'.



Song—Bonnie Lassie, O !

AIR—"KELVIN GROVE."

Will ye no' come back again, bonnie lassie, O ?
 For our hearts are fu' o' pain, bonnie lassie, O !
 And we miss your presence here
 Aye our lonely hearts to cheer
 Wi' yer winning smile sae dear, bonnie lassie, O !

Will we never see thee mair, bonnie lassie, O ?
 Wi' yer face sae sweet an' fair, bonnie lassie, O !
 As ye trip across the lea,
 Aye sae blythe an' fu' o' glee,
 And your heart frae trouble free, bonnie lassie, O !

Will the days nae mair come roon', bonnie lassie, O !
 When ye'll come to Gala toon, bonnie lassie, O !
 For to roam in Elwand's Glen
 Or the bonnie Fairy Dean,
 There the lea-lang day to spen', bonnie lassie, O ?

Or to climb the heather hills, bonnie lassie, O !
 And rove by murmuring rills, bonnie lassie, O !
 Awa' frae cities' din,
 Wi' their scenes o' strife an' sin,
 Whaur fresh vigour we will wir, bonnie lassie, O !

That will nerve us for the strife, bonnie lassie, O !
 O' this weary, weary life, bonnie lassie, O !
 On the heart there's mony a pang,
 Baith the rich an' puir amang,
 But there's sunshine whaur ye gang, bonnie lassie, O !

May He wha rules abune, bonnie lassie, O !
 When yer time on earth is dune, bonnie lassie, O !
 Take ye hame tae heaven fair
 Whaur there's neither grief nor care,
 To shine 'mang angels there, bonnie lassie, O !



Snowdrops.

Ye are welcome here,
 For ye tell spring's near,
 An' sune will the woodlands be ringin' wi' glee ;
 In ilka green bower
 Will blossom the flower,
 An' simmer will come wi' its treasures to me.

Sae spotless and fair,
 Wi' beauty sae rare,
 Ye tell us o' joys when hope seems in vain ;
 'Neath the wintry snows
 Lies the heart o' the rose,
 An' simmer will bring it to blossom again.

The auld folks tell
 Ye were tears that fell
 Frae the e'en o' the angels ae nicht as they flew,
 Which, fa'in' in shoo'ers,
 Were frozen tae flo'ers,
 An' Snowdrops—the name that we ken ye by noo.

Ye tell o' the love
 O' our Father above,
 When hearts are weary an' spirits dooncast ;
 Like the frost an' the snaw,
 It will soon fade awa',
 An' His love will shine bricht through the darkness at last.

Sae yer welcome ance mair
 To this warl' o' care :
 Yer presence will cheer us on life's weary road ;
 An' softly we'll sleep
 As ye watch o'er us keep,
 Till we waken again in our Father's abode.



Simmer Langin's.

I am langin' sair for simmer
 Wi' its wealth o' fairy flowers,
 When the fields are clad in beauty,
 An' the woodbine in the bowers ;
 When the woodland groves are ringin'
 Wi' the wee bird's blythesome sang,
 An' the music o' the burnie
 As it saftly rows alang.

For to linger in the gloamin'
 As the shadows creep aroun'
 Ilk hill an' glen an' meadow,
 An' the stars keek frae abune,
 'Mang the floo'rets bloomin' bonnie,
 That in summer scent the gale
 Wi' a fragrance richly laden,
 Blawin' safty through the dale.

There's a bonnie spot I ken :
 Whaur the burnie rins sae clear,
 An' the laverock's witchin' sang
 Fa's like music on the ear ;
 An' the blythesome hour o' gloamin'
 Throws a glamour ower the scene,
 As I roam aneath the spell
 O' twa bonnie witchin' een.

Dae Ye Ken Yon Glen?

Dae ye ken yon bonnie glen
 Whaur the birdies sweetly sing,
 An' on ilka wee bit flower
 The pearly dew-draps hing,
 An' the burnie wimplin' doon
 Through the witchin' fairy dean,
 Whaur the lads an' lassies tryst
 At the blythesome summer's e'en ?

Dae ye ken yon bonnie glen
 Whaur the fragrant zephyrs blaw,
 'Mid the witcherie that dwells
 'Mang the flo'rets bloom'in' brow ?
 There is nocht can cheer my heart,
 Or drive dull care awa',
 Save to roam yon bonnie glen
 At the blythesome gloamin's fa'.

Dae ye ken yon bonnie glen
 Whaur, in childhood's sunny days,
 Oor hearts were free frae sorrow,
 As we ran aboot its braes ?
 Wi' what lichtsome hearts we'd rin
 Whaur the bonnie flo'rets grew ;
 Syne we'd wander weary hame,
 A' oor hands wi' treasures fu'.

Yon bonnie glen is dear
 For the memories that cling
 Roon' ilka wee bit flo'er,
 An' little birds that sing.
 Tho' the years gang slippin' by,
 An' oor heads grow like the snaw,
 Sae fondly aye we min'
 On the days noo gane awa'.

Tam Ha's Adventure.

Langsyne, when Gala yet was sma',
 An' lassies didna dress sae braw,
 Nae soun' was heard o' war or strife,
 An' wark an' siller they were rife ;
 In simmer rose the sweet perfume
 Frae scented flo'er an' yellow broom,
 An' Gala's banks wi' verdure clad,
 Whaur roved ilk bonnie lass an' lad,
 When wark was o'er at gloamin' e'en,
 An' whisper a' their vows unseen.
 But noo, alas ! thae days are gane,
 Auld times hae faded fast, I ween :
 Instead o' rich an' sweet perfume
 Frae scented flo'er an' yellow broom,
 In simmer time, when a' is fair,
 The stench frae Gala fills the air.

Amang the drouthy wabster cheils
 That lived langsyne in Galashiels,
 The drouthiest ane amang them a'—
 A wabster chiel, named Tammie Ha' :
 A harum-scarum kin' o' deil
 That liked the drappie unco weel ;
 For Tam, alas ! was ne'er sae happy
 But aye when sittin' at the drappie.
 Tam had got planted unco richt
 Aroon' an ingle, burnin' bricht ;
 The winter day was near a close,
 Ower Bruce's Hill the mune uprose
 An' threw its cheerin' beams aroon'
 The haughs an' howes o' Gala toon ;
 An' sangs gaed roon' wi' lots o' daffin',
 Wi' stories queer that set them laughin'.
 An' aye sae lood abune them a'
 Was heard the laugh o' Tammie Ha'.
 Aboot the question, Kirk an' State,'
 Tam was ha'ein' a debate,
 An' Tam had argued lang an' sair,

When—what is wrang that gaurds him stare ?
 “ Ye muckle, senseless, silly tappie,
 While ye sit drinkin’ at yer drappie,
 An’ I am left aye to tackle sair
 At hame wi’ weans ; ye dinna care
 Tho’ wife may starve for want o’ meat,
 An’ bairns rin barefit thro’ the street.”
 The voice was Jean’s, without a doot :
 Tam’s face fair turned as white’s a cloot,
 An’ hingin'-headed there he stood,
 The laughin'-stock o’ a’ the crood.

“ I wunner that ye ne’er think shame
 To leave yer wife an’ bairns at hame ;
 But oot o’ this ye noo maun gang,
 For, faith, I’ve tholed ye unca lang.”
 Tam’s courage thro’ his fingers fled ;
 He clapped his bannet on his head,
 An’ turned an’ slowly left the room,
 Into the dreary winter’s gloom :
 Jean followin’ on, wi’ shauchlin’ feet
 An’ flytin’ tongue, richt doon the street.

But Tam at length gaeid over the drappie,
 An’ wife an’ weans were a’ sae happy ;
 An’ hoo this welcome change befell,
 I’ll e’en endeavour noo tae tell.

It happened aince, ’twas Lammas Fair,
 An’ juist as usual Tam was there
 Alang wi’ some mair wabster chiels
 Frae Selkirk an’ frae Galashiels.
 The drink gaed roun’ wi’ lots o’ glee,
 Till Tam at length could hardly see,
 An’, trachlin’ sair beneath his load,
 He tried at length to tak’ the road.
 But hoo it was, Tam ne’er could tell :
 He waukened up an’ faund himsel’
 At some dykeside, wi’ nae yin near,
 An’ Tweed’s saft murmur in his ear.

Wi' ~~heid~~ sair rackin' wi' the pain,
 He trachled tae his feet again.
 When comin' near the abbey lone
 He heard a maist unearthly groan,
 An', turnin' roun', to his surprise
 He saw a pair o' flamin' eyes,
 An uncouth head o' shaggy hair,
 That made puir Tam in terror stare ;
 The cloven hoof he saw fu' weel—
 Tam thocht at last he'd seen the deil.
 He tried to speak, but shook wi' fear ;
 He got an unco fricht, I swear ;
 An' fairly sobered noo, he ran
 As hard as ony mortal can
 Through Melrose lone, past Darnick too'er
 Just as it struck the midnight 'oor ;
 Across the brig that spans the Tweed,
 Tam still held on wi' light'ing speed ;
 At Elwand's Glen an' Fairy Dean
 He never halted aince, I ween,
 Until at length, beside Langlee,
 He backward cast an anxious e'e :
 When, panting sair for want o' breath,
 Tam landed firm on mither earth.
 He lang maintained he faund the smell
 O' brimstane frae the deil himsel' ;
 An' as he lay he shook wi' fear,
 Expectin' aye the deil to hear,
 In solemn tones, his doom pronounce,
 Gin he the drink wad ne'er renounce.
 Sae there he lay till mornin' clear,
 The mill bell's soundin' in his ear ;
 An' syne the road he took for hame,
 Resolved that never mair his dame
 Wad e'er ha'e cause to want her meat,
 Or weans gang barefit thro' the street,
 An' leave the drink an' a' its ploys
 For purer an' far brichter joys.

The Dying Boy.

Sad and weary sat a mother
 Down beside her little boy,
 Who, within his cradle lying,
 Was her darling, pride, and joy.

How that mother loved her darling
 None but mothers' hearts can know,
 For he seemed to be an angel,
 Whiter than the driven snow.

As he lay, within his cradle,
 Gazing up into the sky,
 Low there came the simple question—
 Mother, do you think I'll die ?

On her knees she bent beside him,
 And she clasped him to her breast,
 And she told him he was going
 Home, with Jesus Christ to rest.

Then she told the old, old story
 Of the Saviour's love to men :
 How He left His home in heaven
 That they heavenly life might gain :

How He took the little children,
 Gently placed them on His knee :
 How He said, in accents tender,
 "Suffer them to come to me."

For we all must be as children
 Ere we hope to be forgiven,
 And receive the Saviour's welcome
 To that glorious home in heaven.

"Then, dear mother, I am ready
 Home with Jesus Christ to go :
 There to reign with him for ever,
 For he must have loved me so.

And methinks I see the angels
 Hovering round about my head,
 And they're waiting me to carry
 On their wings when I am dead.

And, dear mother, tell my father
 I'll be waiting for you there,
 When the angels come to call thee
 To that mansion bright and fair."



Wait a Wee, an' Ne'er be Weary.

Wait a wee, an' ne'er be weary,
 Let your spirits ne'er sink doon ;
 Though the strife be lang an' dreary,
 Victory will your efforts croon.
 Look aroon' ye, see the burdens
 That your neebours ha'e to bear ;
 Dinna think that o' life's trials
 Ye hae mair than what's your share.

Wait a wee, an' ne'er be weary,
 E'en though poortith's win' may blaw ;
 Frien'less, gearless though ye wander,
 Lippen yin abune them a'.
 Tho' the hopes o' youth are blasted,
 Manhood's schemes gang aye aglee,
 Dinna sit doon broken-hearted—
 Up an' fecht them manfully.

Wait a wee, an' ne'er be weary,
 Life, at best, is but a span ;
 Ilka day aye brings us nearer
 To our Father's heavenly lan'.

What's the use o' sittin' sighin',
 Darkly tho' the cluds may be ?
 Bricht the sun will sune be shinin',
 Carkin' cares awa' will flee.

Wait a wee, an' ne'er be weary,
 Tho' the foe be e'er sae strang ;
 Gin ye only wait wi' patience
 Richt will triumph o'er the wrang.
 Dinna think that life's a pleasure,
 For it's like the ragin' sea :
 Sometimes ebbin', noo it's flowin',
 Syne sae calm an' peacefully.



Cheer Up.

Cheer up, cheer up, my bonnie lass,
 There's bricht days yet in store ;
 Though grief may at yer heartstrings tirl,
 It will sune gang by yer door.
 Sae dinna sit sae dowie like,
 And greet the hale day lang ;
 Yer bonnie bairn noo is safe
 The angels fair amang.

Though dark and lowering be the clud
 That's hanging ower ye noo,
 Fu' sune a bonnie siller blink
 May pierce the darkness through.
 Sae cheer ye up an' dinna greet,
 Yer bairnie is awa'
 Tae yon bricht lan' ayont the sky,
 Whaur angels sing fu' braw.

Nae doot, my lass, it's unco hard
 The grief a mother feels
 When frae her breast the hand o' death
 Her darling loved ane steals.
 But oh ! yer grief is nocht ava'
 To what yer Saviour felt
 That nicht when in Gethsemane
 In earnest prayer he knelt.

Sae dry yer een, my bonnie lass,
 Ye dinna need tae weep,
 For weel ye ken yer bonnie bairn
 Has only gaen asleep.
 An' unco sune the joy ye'll ken
 When ance yer wark is dune,
 To meet yer bonnie bairn again
 In yon bricht lan' abune.



Oor Ain Dear Land.

Oot ower yon hills the heather grows,
 An' bonnie flo'rets deck the lea ;
 While thro' the glen an' leafy dell
 The wee birds sing sae witchingly ;
 An' frae the burnie wimplin' clear
 Rich streams o' music sweetly flow ;
 An' ower the wuds at summer's e'en
 The sun its gowden shadows throw.

A witchin' spell hangs ower the glen
 Whaur lads an' lassies tryst at e'en,
 An' lingers roun' ilk crag an' scaur,
 Ilk streamlet, loch, an' meadow green.
 There's music in ilk breeze that blaws,
 In murmurin' rill, an' roarin' river ;
 An' fondly aye my heart's strings twine
 Aroun' my native hame for ever.

There's grandeur in her mist-clad hills,
 An' beauty in her bosky dell,
 When gloamin' cluds begin tae fa',
 An fragrant perfumes scent the gale.
 But fairer flooers may brichter grow
 In ither lands across the sea ;
 Oor ain dear Scottish heather bell
 Is dearer far than a' tae me.

An' aye aroun' the dear auld lan'
 The Scottish heart will closely twine,
 An' linger roun' ilk weel-ken't spot,
 An' scenes o' hame an' auld lang syne.
 For though in lan's noo far awa',
 The liltin' o' some auld tune's strain
 Brings aye the saut tear tae the e'e,
 An' lang for Scotia's hills again.



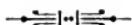
Childhood Memories.

Where, murmurin' fu' o' glee,
 The Don runs to the sea,
 There's a bonnie witchin' glen where in childhood's sunny
 'oors
 Our hearts were free o' care :
 Nae grief or sorrow there,
 We roamed the lea-lang day amang the bonnie, bonnie
 flooers.

Sae blythesome aye and gay
 We spieled yon flowery brae,
 Or scrambled thro' the bushes where the modest primrose
 grew,
 An' the woodland echoes rang
 Wi' childlike glee an' sang
 As we pu'd the wee forget-me-not an' bonnie speedwell blue.

The Don rowe's aye alang,
 Singing saftly aye amang
 The haughs an' pleasant meadows as it journeys to the sea :
 Through ilka weel-kent scene
 Whaur I've roved at dewy e'en,
 An' mused amang the flo'rets fair that bloom sae bonnilie.

Fond memory aftimes brings
 Sweet thochts upon its wings
 O' yon bonnie witchin' glen an' the hame o' childhood's years.
 In fancy aft I see
 Freen's aince sae dear to me,
 As I view the lang forgotten thro' a mist o' blinding tears.



The Bonnie Siller Mune.

O, bonnie glints the siller mune
 Ower muirlan', hill, an' lea,
 An' sweetly shines its blythesome licht
 Across the dark blue sea !
 Its cheering beams aye safely guide
 The sailor on the main,
 But sweeter far it shines, I ween,
 In Elwand's bonnie glen.

An' bonnie glints its siller beams
 Oot ower fair Gala's brae,
 An' down through Blyndlee's bonnie birks
 The witchin' shadows play.
 An' 'neath its bonnie siller beams
 Fond hearts now seek the dell,
 To roam the groves an' birken bowers,
 'Neath love's sweet mystic spell.

When Nature's hushed in sweet repose,
 The wee birds gane to rest,
 An' kindly Sol has sunk awa'
 Doon in the gowden west ;
 When nicht's dark shadow's fa'
 Ower hill an' peaceful dell,
 The bonnie siller mune shines oot,
 An' nicht's dark cluds disspell.



Oor Stair Fit.

It's weel I mind o' ither days when, younkers fu' o' glee,
 We pu'd the little heather bell, the gowans frae the lea,
 An' syne, wi' muckle mirth an' din, hoo canty we wad sit
 An' string the gowans in a raw, at oor stair fit.

When winter cam' wi' surly blast that roun' aboot did blaw,
 An' hill an' dale, an' ilka thing, were happet ower wi' snaw ;
 When oot o' doors we daurna stir, nae e'en the sma'est bit,
 Sae cheerie aye we'd sit an' play, at oor stair fit.

It's weel I mind hoo unco feared I was to gang my lane,
 When it was dark, for fear auld Tam, the beggar, e'er was
 seen ;

For aye I thocht into his poke wee laddies he wad pit,
 Sae ne'er wad venture far awa' frae oor stair fit.

It's weel I mind when in my heart the lowe o' love began :
 When roun' the doors, at simmer e'en, ilk lad an' lass wad
 stan' ;

Hoo blythely gae'd the 'oors awa' wi' daffin' an' wi' wit,
 An' saftly whispered lover's vows at oor stair fit.

But noo I've wandered far awa', in mony lan's ha'e been,
 Ha'e sat amang the rich an' great, an' ferlies strange ha'e
 seen,

But ne'er aane gie'd siccan joy, as when we used tae sit,
 An' string the gowans in a raw, at oor stair fit.

An' noo I've reached life's gloamin' grey, an' unco sune
maun gang

Tae whaur my freen's are a' at hame, the angels fair amang ;
Yet aince again I'd like tae see, afore my spirit flit,
That hallowed spot o' memories dear, oor auld stair fit.



Asleep in Jesus.

Asleep in Jesus : our darling's at rest,
 Away from the strife and the pain ;
'Mid the glories of heaven forever to dwell,
 With Christ, our dear Saviour, to reign.

Asleep in Jesus : how charming the words,
 Though tears o'er our cheeks yet may roll ;
We know that our darling in heaven is safe,
 We know it is well with his soul.

Asleep in Jesus : our darling is gone
 Away to our Father's abode—
Spotless and pure, like a lily unstained,
 To bloom in the garden of God.

Asleep in Jesus : then why should we fret,
 From sorrow our darling's away ;
Soon we shall meet our loved one again
 In that land that is fairer than day.

Asleep in Jesus : securely he rests,
 His trial and his sufferings are o'er ;
'Mid the mansions of glory he watches and waits
 Till we meet to part never more.



To Dino, Galashiels.

Come, Dino ! tune yer harp again,
 An' drive awa' dull care an' pain ;
 Yer welcome notes aye mak' me fain
 An' unco bricht,
 An' gars me sing wi' miecth an' main
 Frae morn tae nicht.

I lang ha'e ettled for tae sen'
 A rhyming screed tae thee, my frien',
 Sae doon I sit wi' pen at e'en
 Tae write a sang ;
 But, hech ! my muse no' worth a preen,
 There's something wrang.

Nae high-flown poet sings yer praise,
 But jist in simple artless lays,
 Nae fashed wi' Greek or Latin phrase ;
 But frae the heart
 I try tae sing o' Nature's ways
 For tunefu' art.

This life o' ours is fu' o' care,
 An' mony a deep an' hidden snare ;
 O' troubles great ye've had yer share
 As weel as me ;
 Yet still ye shine sae bricht an' rare
 An' fu' o' glee.

But what's the use o' us repinin',
 Tae ilka clud there is a linin'
 As sure's the sun in heaven's shinin'
 Wi' glorious licht,
 Tho' aiblins noo it may be hidin'
 Frae oot oor sicht.

Ye've fairly got the gift divine :
 In fame's fair niche ye sure will shine,
 As sure as three times three mak' nine—

An' that's nae lee ;
 An' may the pleasure sun be mine
 That day tae see.

Fair simmer sun will deck the lea
 Wi' flowers sae sweet an' fair tae see :
 The primrose an' the daisy wee—
 Twa modest flowers,
 While blooms the woodbine bonnily
 In sheltered bowers.

Then we will roam through woodland bowers,
 'Mang lovely glens, bedecked wi' flowers,
 Whaur ower the linn the burnie pours
 Wi' lichtnin' speed,
 While o' the swiftly passin' hours
 We tak' nae heed.

But I maun close this rhymin' letter :
 Yet still I am yer humble debtor—
 For wae's me noo ! my muse is fettered—
 There's something wrang ;
 I'll aiblins send ye something better
 Ere it be lang.



The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie.

Doon whaur Yathan glides alang,
 Thro' leafy bower and flooers amang,
 I'd wander aye the hale day lang
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' Fyvie.

When gloamin' cluds begin tae fa',
 An' kindly Sol has sunk awa',
 I'll meet the dearest lass o' a'—
 The bonnie lass o' Fyvie.

Doon in the fragrant scented dell,
 Amang the flooers, whaur beauty dwell,
 I roam aneath love's mystic spell,
 Amang the wuds o' Fyvie,

Whaur warbling birds, on ilka tree,
 Gaur a' the wudlands ring wi' glee,
 An' hail the 'oor that brings tae me
 The bonnie lass o' Fyvie.

Far brichter than the stars abune,
 Her laughin', witchin', bonnie een ;
 There's nae a lass can match, I ween,
 The bonnie lass o' Fyvie.



In Memoriam.

"Dino"—Died September 11th, 1889.

He is gone beyond this weary vale of tears
 To that celestial land, of which in accents rare
 His tuneful lyre oft sung ; 'mid mansions fair
 He rests : far from the world, its doubts and fears.

Amid these glorious scenes he loved so well,
 Often his golden harp was tuned to sing their praise ;
 He yet in sweeter strains their power shall tell,
 While heav'n shall echo with the music of his lays.

Like some bright star his youthful soul shall shine
 With radiance clear, amid the realms of endless day,
 And bask beneath the smile of heaven's divinest ray ;
 And though in grief and sorrow now we pine,
 Our God's own smile shall chase the darksome gloom away,
 And tune his harp to sing of love divine.

God is a Refuge.

God is a refuge ! cheering words
 Unto a troubled soul,
 Where all may find a safe retreat,
 Their broken hearts made whole.

God is a refuge, sure and fast,
 In fierce temptation's hour,
 When, burdened with a load of sin,
 We feel the tempter's power.

God is a refuge midst the storm
 Of life's tempestuous sea ;
 When all is dark with doubt and fears,
 God will our refuge be.

In health, in sickness, or in death,
 God is a refuge sure,
 Where all may rest in perfect peace—
 Well sheltered and secure.

Then welcome death, since death is life
 Death's terrors all have fled ;
 For Christ, the Saviour Son of God,
 His precious blood did shed.



A Child's Grave.

As I wandered the churchyard through at e'en,
 Beside many a new-made lair,
 I saw a grave, both fresh and green,
 Of a child both young and fair.

I stood and gazed on that little spot,
 As the sunbeams softly fell
 Upon some flowers, in a little pot,
 That were gathered from the dell.

A sister's hand had placed them there
 That morning, fresh and cool ;
 She had gathered them with anxious care
 As she went on her way to school.

I thought as I gazed on that little grave
 Of the child that was lying there,
 How when she lived her heart she gave
 To her Saviour to keep and care.

And as she lay in her little bed,
 When her trouble was pressing sore,
 She always read what her Saviour said,
 And loved Him more and more.

But now she has left this world of pain
 And gone to that home above—
 Where now with that Saviour she does reign,
 Who won her with His love.

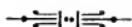


The Lass o' Wheatlands Mill.

Had I the gift o' sang I'd sing
 In blythesome, sweet, an' joyous strain,
 The praise o' yin I dearly lo'e,
 Whase heart I ken is a' my ain.
 Her bonnie een, aye glancin' bricht,
 Gaurs my puir heart aye fondly thrill ;
 Baith nicht an' day my thochts are wi'
 The bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.
 She's a bonnie lass, a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 The bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.

In simmer time, when a' is fair,
 An' birds sing sweet on ilka tree,
 Hoo blythe we seek, at gloamin' time,
 The bonnie wuds o' Torwoodlee :
 An' there, amid its cooling shade,
 We wander 'neath love's sway until
 The stars keek oot, an' I maun leave
 The bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.
 She's a bonnie lass, a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 The bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.

Nae wealth has she or warld's gear,
 Nor precious gems to deck her hair ;
 But truth an' love an' modesty
 Are better far than gems sae rare.
 She's fairer than the flowers that grow
 By meadow, stream, or heather hill—
 Fair Nature a' her charms combine
 In the bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.
 She's a bonnie lass, a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 The bonnie lass o' Wheatlands Mill.



Rhyming Epistle to Emily Sutherland, Galashiels.

Tae thee, my honoured an' respected friend,
 This rhyming letter noo I send ;
 Weel pleased I was tae see thee bend
 Tae sic as me ;
 May freen'ship ne'er between us end
 Until we dee.

'Mang Nature's gems, sae rich an' fair,
 Thou art the rarest o' the rare ;
 May Heaven keep thee aye frae care
 An' trouble free,
 An' sen' o' health a muckle share
 Tae you an' me.

I'm unco pleased tae hear yer lyre
 Has lost name o' its wonted fire ;
 Yer last epistle tae the sire
 O' bardies a'
 Fair filled me wi' a warm desire
 The muse tae ca'.

Fu' sweetly Robbie sang the praise
 O' bonnie Doon, its banks an' braes ;
 As for his sweet, heart-melting lays,
 They gar me greet ;
 Losh ! how he sang o' Nature's rays—
 The lassies sweet.

But I maun sing in feebler strain,
 For though my muse wad sometimes fain
 Soar high intae the vast domain
 An' realm o' sang,
 Content I aye maun yet remain
 Tae lisp alang.

Aince we have run life's weary race,
 An' ithers here ha'e ta'en oor place,
 O, may I see thy kindly face
 In heaven abune :
 Such is the wish o' yours, J. S.,
 Frae Aberdeen.



The Land o' Liberty.

Aince mair I tune my harp again
 To sing wi' muckle glee,
 A rousin', rantin', blythesome sang,
 My native land to thee.
 I lo'e thy hills an' murmurin' rills,
 Thy mountains stern an' grand,
 Ilk strath an' vale an' windin' stream
 O' my ain native land.

Then let us sing wi' nicht an' main
 A sang, wi' muckle glee,
 To Scotia, land o' mount an' heath,
 The land o' liberty.

Lang has she stood sae firm an' fast,
 The land so dear to me ;
 The flag o' freedom proudly waves,
 My native land, ower thee.
 She fears nae foe in danger's hour :
 Her sons aye bravely fought
 To guard the rights in days of old
 The blood of Wallace bought.

Land o' the thistle, bauld an' strong,
 To touch thee nane can daur :
 Her sons aye foremost in the van
 In peace or yet in war.
 Lang may she shine in valour yet,
 The land o' liberty ;
 An' while in health an' life I'll sing,
 My native land, o' thee.

Then let us sing wi' nicht an' main
 A sang, wi' muckle glee,
 To Scotia, land o' mount an' heath,
 The land o' liberty.

Bonnie Tweedside.

Dear tae my heart is the hame o' my childhood,
 Beside the fair rivers—the Don and the Dee,
 Where aft I hae roved in the cool simmer evening,
 An' gazed wi' delight on the bonnie blue sea ;
 Spell-bound I hae stood by the lakes o' Killarney,
 An' wandered an' mused by the banks o' the Clyde,
 But, oh ! there is naething can gi'e me sic pleasure
 As tae roam wi' my love by the bonnie Tweedside !

When tired wi' the wark the weary day lang,
 I wander awa' by the burnie sae clear
 Tae list tae the mavis a-lilting its sang
 'Mang the green leafy bowers o' Elwand sae dear ;
 'Tis often I sigh for the days that are gane,
 When laddies we bathed in the Tweed's siller stream,
 Or pu'd the wee floo'rets in yon Fairy Dean,
 While high ower abune us the sunshine did gleam.

Fu' weel dae I min' o' the days o' langsyne,
 When laddies we herded the sheep an' the kye
 By yon burnie's side in the days aye sae fine,
 An' ne'er had a thocht that sorrow was nigh.
 Weel dae I min' o' yon fast-fleeting hours,
 When first ower my heart sweet love held its sway ;
 Sae joyous we'd wander through Elwand's fair bowers,
 An' dream o' the future the hale simmer day.

Aft hae I roamed alang its green borders,
 An' pu'd the wee daisy an' primrose sae fair,
 While the sun ower the hill o' fair Meigle was shining,
 An' the mavis sang sweet in the clear evening air.
 Dear tae my heart is yon river o' beauty ;
 Fu' sweetly it flows through ilk hill an' fair mead ;
 In transport I gaze while its spell is thrown ower me—
 The fairest o' rivers, the far-flowing Tweed.

Farewell! My Native Land.

(Inscribed to a Friend.)

Farewell! my ain dear native land
 Enshrined wi' grandeur rare ;
 By Gala's stream an' silver Tweed
 I'll roam again nae mair :
 For far frae hame an' kindred dear
 I noo maun wander wide,
 An' leave the scenes I lo'e sae well
 By Tweed an' Gala side.

The blackbird still may lilt wi' glee
 In Elwand's glen sae fair,
 Where aft I roamed at simmer's e'en—
 I'll roam again nae mair.
 An', O, the thocht brings sic a pain,
 That gaurs the saut tear fa',
 For I maun leave my native hame
 Tae wander far awa'.

In simmer's sun an' winter's snaw,
 'Neath spring's bricht smiling rays,
 An' autumn wi' its gowden sheaves,
 I've roamed ower Gala's braes ;
 An' mid the sweet an' shady groves
 An' birk o' Torwoodlee,
 I've pu'd the yellow primrose bricht
 That blooms sae bonnilie.

I've watched the gowden sunset fa'
 Ower Meigle's low-crowned heicht,
 An' lingered till the stars cam' oot
 Wi' radiance shining bricht ;
 I've wandered by the abbey lone,
 'Neath some sweet mystic spell,
 But tae the haunts an' scenes o' yore
 I noo maun bid farewell.

The Wee Bird's Sang.

A bonnie, bonnie bird tae oor window cam',
 Ae day in the morning early,
 An' it sang sae sweet
 That it gaur'd me greet,
 For my heart was sad fu' sairly.

For it sang o' the glen an' the grassy dells
 An' the burnie that rins sae clearly,
 The bonnie wee flowers
 In the birken bowers,
 An' the woodlands I lo'e sae dearly.

An' sae dowie I sat an' listened awhile
 Tae th' rich notes loudly pealing,
 As ower me again,
 Wi' the blythesome strain,
 Some auld-time scenes came stealing.

It sang o' langsyne an' the heart sae dear,
 Noo awa' frae this warl' fairly
 They've taen their flicht
 Tae realms o' licht,
 An' dwell in the mansions pearly.

It sang o' the haunts an' scenes o' yore,
 Whaur love cam' ower me stealing,
 An' the sweet refrain
 Brocht back again
 An' waukened the auld-time feeling.

Syne it flew awa' tae its leafy hame
 In the birks o' bonnie Blynlee,
 An' its witchin' sang
 Cam' echoing alang
 Thro' the morning air tae me.

By the Sea

As the day was slowly dying,
 And the birds were homeward flying,
 Sat a maiden sadly sighing
 By the sea.

And the wind was softly blowing,
 And the golden sunset glowing
 While the tide was swiftly flowing
 Full and free.

O'er the sea her eyes are turning,
 With the lovelight in them burning,
 For her true love she is mourning
 By the sea.

She is sitting all unheeding
 How the hours are quickly speeding,
 Or the wild waves swift receding
 In their glee.

But she sits so sad and weary,
 Though the birds are singing cheery,
 Till the night grows dark and dreary
 By the sea.

As she looks across the main
 She sings a sweet refrain :
 Blow the winds, and bring again
 Back to me,

Oh, my true love, as of yore,
 For to wander by the shore,
 And to part again no more
 By the sea.

But the maid may sigh and weep
 For beneath the surging deep
 Her true love now doth sleep—
 In the sea.

Strike for the Right.

Come, Liberals, rally ! the fight will soon be raging :

Gather round the standard, ready for the fray ;
Victory is their's who, in the fight engaging,

Trust in truth and friendship and right to win the day ;

Raise freedom's banner high—

“ Home Rule ” the battle cry :

Follow your leader, ever kind and true :

Ever cool and steady,

The Grand Old Man is ready

To fight again for Ireland and give her her due.

Ireland long has suffered, but the day is near

When the chains that bind her will all be swept away :
Though the Tories they may threaten, and Unionists may
sneer,

Home Rule for Ireland will in triumph win the day ;

Come from your hills and glens,

Come from the towns and plains ;

Come, all ye Border men ! join in the fight ;

Ireland has need of you—

Hearts ever leal and true,

Come, as in days of yore, and strike for the right.

Come, Liberals, gather ! duty demands you :

Strengthen your leader to fight 'gainst the foe ;
Justice is calling you, hearts that aye are true :

Ireland lies bleeding 'neath misery and woe ;

Rise in your might again,

Hawick and Selkirk men :

Gala is ready to join in the fight ;

Strike 'gainst the Tory foe,

Bring the proud Unionist low ;

Strike for the cause of truth, justice, and right.



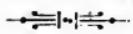
He'd Bred a Better.

It happened aince upon a time,
 Lang e'er I had begoud tae rhyme,
 There used tae live in Gala toun
 A chiel whae's name was Tammy Broon.
 Tam he was a wabster chiel,
 Ken't roun' the country side sae weel
 For breedin' doos an' siclike trok
 As brahma hens an' bantam cocks ;
 Their guid points an' their bad could tell
 Wi' tongue as soople as a bell ;
 An a' their colours, black or broon ;
 Their pedigree he'd trace richt doon
 Frae Noah's Ark, an' what is mair,
 Could tell ye what was a' bred there.
 Gi'e Tam a wig an' muckle goon,
 Ye'd tak' him for a lawyer loon ;
 There's mony, I'm sure, mair stupid
 Thick heads waggin' in a pu'pit.
 Frae mornin' licht tae late at e'en
 His tongue, I'm sure, was never dune ;
 But sad, alas ! tae tell, forsooth,
 Tam was a stranger tae the truth.
 Unheeding o' the flicht o' time,
 He aft wad soar tae heicht sublime ;
 An' siclike stories Tam wad gi'e
 Aboot some braw bird's pedigree ;
 O' prizes that he'd won galore,
 An' siller cups mair than a score ;
 Tae hear him speak o' homers fleein'
 Was sure tae hear some awfu' leein',
 Hoo at the Palace Tam aince saw
 Five hunner homers in a raw,
 An' frae them a' he tuik the ticket—
 The best birds in the wurld ticket ;
 But, faith, my muse could never tell
 Aboot the birds he's bred himsel',
 But I've nae doot, in ilka toon,
 There is some chiel like Tammy Broon.

Tam was a contramashious chiel,
 Altho' ye ablins had dune weel,
 Bred something guid, it didna' matter,
 Tam aye wad say he'd bred a better.
 But Tam aince fairly met his match,
 An', faith, a Tartar he did catch :
 'Twas Gala Show, ye'll mind o't fine,
 Tam he was first for Jacobins ;
 Ye'd thocht the place was far ower sma',
 It ne'er could haud oor Tam ava.
 He strutted roun' amang the folk
 As prood as ony bantam cock ;
 Ilk yin that e'er cam' near the pen
 Tam he was there tae let them ken
 The bird was his, an' aye he'd tell
 It was a bird he'd bred himsel' ;
 It had nae fau'ts—a perfect gem,
 A bird that yet wad bring him fame.

There was some fancier chiels frae Leith,
 An' Jock McQueen oot frae Dalkeith
 Had planned it a' across a dram
 That day tae ha'e some fun wi' Tam,
 So he at length was trysted doon
 Tae Walker's, whaur went glasses roun',
 An' in the middle o' the thrang
 Up to the show Jock slipped alang,
 An' in a twinklin', e'er ye'd ken,
 Tam's bird was in anither pen.
 Sune Tam cam' danderin' roun' again,
 An' halted richt afore the pen :
 "Noo, Tam," says Jock, "I'd like tae ha'e,
 Afore ye gang awa' the day,
 Yer ain opinion, fair an' square,
 O' what ye think o' that bird there."
 Tam humm'd an' hey'd, an' looked awhile,
 Syne turnin' roun' said wi' a smile—
 "Sae, Jock, my man, ye'd like tae ken
 What's my opinion o' that hen :
 Weel, I can easily gi'e ye that—

I'll tell ye it's no' worth its saut ;
 Whaur is its hood, its chain, an' mane ?
 It nicht as weel juist no' ha'e name ;
 Noo, Jock, I'm sure ye never saw
 Sic flichts upon a bird ava.
 As for its legs, they're spindle shanket—
 A' that I say is guid be thanket
 The bird's no mine ; I'll let ye see
 What like a Jacobin should be."
 Wi' that Tam turned tae the pen,
 Tae whaur he thocht he'd see his ain ;
 But, faith, he got surprised I ween—
 He well nicht stan' an' rub his een ;
 As fair dumfounded Tam noo stood,
 A smile gaed roun' amang the crood.
 He swore his bird was stown awa'—
 He haed nae doot o' that ava—
 Till Jock says : " Tam, I didna' ken,
 Ye couldna' tell what is yer ain ;
 That bird ye ha'e misca'ed sae sair
 Is juist yer ain, an' naething mair.
 Yell ma'be no gi'e fouk their due
 For breedin' birds as guid as you ;
 Ne'er rin them doon an' think yer ain
 Is better than the rest o' men."
 But ne'er a word said Tam ava,
 But quietly took his bird awa' ;
 An' frae that day nae mair again
 Was Tam e'er heard tae praise his ain ;
 Though fouk nicht brag, it didna matter,
 Tam ne'er wad say he'd bred a better.



My Ain Bonnie Jean.

The violets bloom in ilka dell,
 The hawthorn on the lea,
 While roses scent the evening air
 Wi' fragrance sweet tae me.
 Fair Nature's clad in Beauty's garb,
 Ilk tree and flower, I ween ;
 The blythesome birds sing o' their love,
 An' sae dae I o' Jean.

I lo'e the 'oor at morning bricht
 When glints the sun sae braw ;
 But, O, the 'oor I lo'e the best
 Is at the gloamin' fa',
 When saftly through the hazel wood,
 By hedge and meadow green,
 I blythely gang wi' lightsome heart
 To meet my bonnie Jean

Across the burn, oot ower the stile,
 Doon by the auld yew tree,
 Whaur stan's my winsome lassie Jean
 Wi' gladsome smile for me.
 The truth's imprinted in her face,
 An' love glints in her een ;
 I clasp her in ae fond embrace,
 My ain dear, bonnie Jean.

For a' the pleasure riches gi'e
 I carena'ocht ava ;
 Gi'e me an 'oor alang wi' Jean
 Juist at the gloamin' fa'.
 Doon in yon dell whaur violets bloom
 We'll roam an' ne'er be seen ;
 The lee-lang day I'd gladly stray
 Alang wi' bonnie Jean.

My Bonnie Scottish Lassie.

If there's an' 'oor abune the rest
 That's sweeter far than ony,
 It's when the sun sinks in the west,
 The moon shines oot sae bonnie :
 For then I gang by Torwoodlee,
 Down in yon dell sae grassie,
 To meet wi' ane that's dear to me—
 My ain dear Scottish lassie.

Her slae black een aye glancing bricht
 Wi' love that's fondly beaming,
 I'd roam wi' her the lea-lang nicht,
 Ne'er ance o' sorrow dreaming.
 O, what care I for warld's gear
 Or haughty dames sae saucy,
 As lang's I ha'e the love sae dear
 O' my ain Scottish lassie.

Whate'er betide, this heart o' mine
 Shall beat wi' love's emotion ;
 Hand clasped in hand, heart pressed to thine,
 I'll vow love's pure devotion.
 Ye stars abune in heaven shine doon,
 Watch o'er my lovely Cassie,
 An' keep her aye frae danger's froon—
 My ain dear Scottish lassie.



The Knights of the Iron Wheel.

Away, away on our iron steeds,
 Away at the break of day,
 Away wherever our fancy leads,
 For our hearts are light and gay.

Then we'll blythely sing till the welkin ring,
 There's none can tell what we feel,
 As with jest and song we race along—
 The knights of the iron wheel.

Away, away, as the soft winds blow
 And kiss our cheeks as we fly
 By meadows green, where flowers are seen,
 As we go rushing wildly by.

Away, away, at the break of day,
 Away from the noisy street;
 'Neath the cooling shade of some leafy glade
 We'll rest from the noontide's heat.

Then away as we fly we quickly feel
 The warm health glow in each vein,
 While our hearts are joyous, bright, and free,
 As we bound away o'er the plain.

Away, away, at the break of day,
 We'll roam o'er the countryside ;
 Like phantoms dim, when our lamps we trim,
 O'er the highways we swiftly glide.



The Gala Seven-a-Side.

(Inscribed to the Gala Fifteen, 1888.)

Come list unto me while the praises I sing—
 Till a' the loud echoes mair loudly shall ring
 Ower hill an' ower dale o' Scotland sae wide—
 O' the brave deeds o' Gala's famed seven-a-side.

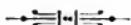
Then give them three cheers, with a hip, hip, hurrah :
 Frae north an' frae south they have beaten them a' :
 Frae Auld Reekie, an' Melrose, an' Hawick, sae keen—
 They're the pride o' the Borders this season, I ween.

They lickit the Greens, and sune made them feel
 That they'd met wi' a foe that was worthy their steel ;
 Though deep they may mutter, an' loudly may blaw,
 They're no' fit for the callants o' Gala sae braw.

For swiftness o' foot, an' for passin' sae keen,
 They soon made a mess o' the lads o' the Green ;
 Though wi' Melrose an' Wilton they had some hot wark,
 They aye got away an' they sune made their mark.

Since it is best to give honour where honour is due,
 The braw lads o' Gala are champions it's true ;
 Through the length o' the land their deeds oft ha'e rung,
 And in years yet to come their praise will be sung.

Then let us unite in a hearty guid cheer,
 An' wish them success in their matches ilk year ;
 An' may they endeavour tae dae what they can
 Tae keep up the good name o' the famed Border lan'.



A Glint o' Simmer.

I lang for a glint o' the simmer again,
 Wi' the bonnie wee floo'rs a' in bloom ;
 An' steal frae the toon wi' its moil an' mirk
 To roam amang the heather an' broom.

Or pu' the wee floo'rs in bonnie green bow'rs,
 Wi' the burnie gaun shimmerin' by ;
 The blythesome bit lark a-lilting wi' glee
 Its sang in the lift sae high.

In fancy again, on the weel-ken'd brae,
 I am sporting wi' innocent glee :
 Fond memory lingers aroon' the bield
 That in childhood sheltered me.

I lo'e the hame o' my childhood years,
 Laich doon in the dreamy howe,
 Where the shadows steal frae the gowden sun,
 The rose an' the woodbine grow.

I see the haugh an' the auld mill lade,
 Wi' the Don gaun sweepin' by ;
 Across the fields on the gentle win'
 Comes the lowing o' wearied kye.

In fancy I stand at the door an' watch
 Aye the gowden sunset fa',
 Syne turn my een, a' bleared an' dim,
 To the bonnie green hills awa'.

But I'll hie me awa' to the green hillside
 When the simmer again comes roon' ;
 Let them revel wha like in the moil an' mirk
 An' strife o' the dusty toon.



My Native Streams, Farewell !

Nae mair again I'll roam at e'en
 Alang the banks o' Dee,
 For I am far awa' frae hame
 An' scenes sae dear tae me ;
 Nae mair, I'll hear, at break o' day,
 The blackbird chant its sang ;
 Nae mair again at gloamin' grey
 I'll roam the groves amang.

Nae mair I'll hear the mavis sing
 Its sang sae sweet an' clear,
 Where Don rows murmurin' saftly doon
 Through Perseley's den sae dear.

Fu' oft I've roved o'er Perseley's braes
 Mused aye in waukin' dreams :
 But noo I am far, far awa'
 Frae my ain native streams.

The auld grey brig nae mair I'll see,
 Grown ower wi' ivy vine :
 The bonnie braes where aft I played
 In days o' auld langsyne ;
 The auld grey brig, Balgownie's brig,
 Aft held my heart in spell ;
 But I maun bid it noo, alas !
 A lang an' last farewell.

Farewell ! ye glens I lo'e sae weel,
 Aroond the Don an' Dee :
 Yet though I wander far frae hame,
 My heart is still wi' thee ;
 An' though 'mang scenes an' rivers rare,
 Nae charms ha'e they for me—
 My thoughts aye turn wi' fond desire,
 My native streams, to thee.



Bonnie Scotland, Dear to Me.

Dear auld Scotland, aince again
 Will I sing in cheerfu' strain,
 For I lo'e thy glens an' hills,
 Murmuring streams an' sparkling rills,
 Towering crags an' snow-clad mountains,
 Meadows green an' crystal fountains,
 Shady groves an' woodlands rare :
 Nane wi' thee can e'er compare.

Bonnie Scotland, dear to me :
 Hame o' truth an' liberty,
 There is nane can match wi' thee—
 Bonnie Scotland bears the gree.

Dear auld Scotland, rich wi' grandeur,
 Ower thy hills I fondly wander,
 Musing aye on heroes brave
 Wha for Scotland fa'nd their grave.
 Wallace, leal an' trusty heart,
 Nobly played a hero's part,
 Alang wi' Bruce, o' deathless fame,
 Raised auld Scotland's honoured name.

Bonnie Scotland, dear to me :
 Hame o' truth an' liberty,
 There is nane can match wi' thee—
 Bonnie Scotland bears the gree.

Dear auld Scotland, rich an' rare,
 Hame o' maidens peerless fair :
 Search the warld whane'er ye may,
 Nane ye'll find can match wi' they.
 Hame o' lads, wi' bonnets blue,
 Noble-hearted, leal an' true :
 Soothern loons nae langer daur
 Try auld Scotland's fame to mar.

Bonnie Scotland, dear to me :
 Hame o' truth an' liberty,
 There is nane can match wi' thee—
 Bonnie Scotland bears the gree.

Land whaur nature does unfold
 Gems more precious far than gold ;
 Beauty dwells in ilka flower,
 Wimplin' burn an' woodland bower.
 Hame o' tartan, kilt, an' feather,
 Thistle bauld and waving heather ;
 Lang may Scotland ever be
 Hame o' truth an' liberty.

Bonnie Scotland, dear to me :
 Hame o' truth an' liberty,
 There is nane can match wi' thee—
 Bonnie Scotland bears the gree.

My Bonnie Dearie, O.

'Tis sweet when aince yer wark is dune
 To wander forth at dewy e'en,
 An' haud awa', a' by yer lane,
 To meet yer bonnie dearie, O.

Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 Yon burnie rins sae clearly, O ;
 Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 My ain bonnie dearie, O.

There's magic in her witchin' smile
 That aye my thochts frae care beguile ;
 I'd wander mony a weary mile
 To meet my bonnie dearie, O.

Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 Yon burnie rins sae clearly, O ;
 Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 My ain bonnie dearie, O.

Down by the birks o' Torwoodlee
 Mang leafy bowers, sae fair to see,
 It's then the lovely lips I'll pree,
 O' my ain bonnie dearie, O.

Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 Yon burnie rins sae clearly, O ;
 Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 My ain bonnie dearie, O.

When birdies in the early spring
 Mak' a' the woodland echoes ring,
 I weary for the hour that brings
 Me to my bonnie dearie, O.

Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 Yon burnie rins sae clearly, O ;
 Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 My ain bonnie dearie, O.

Though fierce the wind may loudly blaw,
 An' deep may be the driven snaw,
 I'll haud awa' by birk an' shaw
 To meet my bonnie dearie, O.

Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 Yon burnie rins sae clearly, O ;
 Then meet me whaur yon burnie rins,
 My ain bonnie dearie, O.



The Green Hillsides.

I wandered awa' tae the green hillside
 Whaur the blooming heather grows,
 An' whaur saftly, beneath a leafy shade,
 The bonnie, clear burnie rows ;

An' the fern-fronds proudly lift their crests
 As the wind gangs rustling by,
 An' kisses the cheeks o' the daisies wee
 Around our feet that lie.

It's sweet to sit on the green hillside,
 Awa' frae the city's din,
 Where nocht is heard but the bird's sweet sang,
 Or the sough o' the gentle win'.

I lo'e to sit where the heather blooms
 An' watch the sunset fa',
 An' the glory o' clouds in the gowden west,
 Ower the hills sae far awa'.

Syne saftly I steal frae the green hillside
 Aince mair to the dusty toon,
 As the birds flee hame ower the whisperin' trees
 An' the nicht comes saftly doon.

My thochts turn aye frae the strife an' din,
 To the green hillsides wi' glee,
 An' fancy will come wi' fragrant floo'ers
 On her gentle wings to me.



Waiting for Me.

Adown by the burnie that wimples alang,
 Where the blythe birds o' simmer sing sweetly their sang,
 There stands a fair lassie wi' bricht glancing e'e,
 An' weel dae I ken she is waiting for me.

Waiting for me, and watching for me,
 Yon blythesome young lassie is waiting for me;
 I carena for naething this world can gi'e
 As the fond loving glance o' her bonnie blue e'e.

O, sweet is the 'oor at the gloamin's saft fa',
 When the sun glints sae bricht ower the hills far awa':
 It's then that I gang by yon burnie sae clear
 Tae meet wi' the lassie that lo'es me sae dear.

O' the praises o' nature the poets may sing
 Till the hills an' the valleys their echoes shall ring,
 Nae gem is sae sweet or sae fair to my e'e
 As yon blythesome lassie that's waiting for me.

O, what can compare wi' the joy that we feel
 As through sweet-scented woodlands we safty wad steal ;
 While love, wi' its glamour, held sway ower our heart,
 We vow tae be true till death dae us part.

They maun be puir silly cuifs, wi' hearts like a stane,
 That wad gang through this warld themselves a' alone,
 An' ne'er lo'e a lassie wi' bricht glancing e'e,
 Like yon sweet winsome lassie that's waiting for me.

The Lass o' Netherdale.

While others may sing o' the bricht ruby wine,
 An' o' ladies o' high degree,
 I'll sing o' a lass wi' charms sae divine,
 Wha is a' the warld tae me :
 Her face sae bewitchin', her lips are sae sweet,
 Her een haud my heart in a spell,
 Sae jimp is her waist, sae trig an' sae neat
 Is the lassie o' sweet Netherdale.

She may not ha'e riches, nor yet high degree,
 Nor boast o' a lang-soundin' name :
 But love glances bricht in her bonnie blue e'e,
 An' sets my puir heart in a flame ;
 Sae guileless an' pure is my sweet winsome lass,
 I lo'e ne'er a ane but hersel' ;
 Whate'er may betide, I shall never be fause
 Tae the lassie o' sweet Netherdale.

Auld Scotland can boast o' rare gems o' creation,
 Baith faultless in form an' fair :
 'Mang a' the rare gems o' ither fair nations
 There's nane wi' oor ain can compare ;
 But the sweetest an' dearest an' fairest I ken,
 Is the lassie whase name I can tell :
 The envy o' women, the pride o' the men,
 Is the lassie o' sweet Netherdale.



The Gala Fifteen (1887-88.)

A Reply to Lads o' the Green.

Tae blaw their ain horn there is nae ane, I ween,
 Can dae it sae weel as the lads o' the Green,
 But their pride, I am thinking, will sune get a fa',
 When they are beat by the lads o' Gala sae braw.

Then hurrah ! for the lads o' Gala sae braw :
 They're no easy ticket this season ava ;
 For tacklin', an' passin', an' kickin', I ween,
 They're the pick o' guid players—the Gala Fifteen.

The Greens may be guid at blawin' their horn,
 Or the haudin' o' ither teams aye up tae scorn ;
 But gi'e me the lads that can handle the ba'
 Like the hard-workin' players o' Gala sae braw.

A fig for the Greens, wi' their wind an' their talk,
 The braw lads o' Gala can sune make them walk ;
 Believe what I tell ye—nae word o' a lee—
 They'd best tak' the hint an' gang a' ower the sea.

There's Ward an' M'Caig, an' M'Lauchlan forby,
 There's Brunton an' Symington guid for a try ;
 For tacklin', an' passin', an' kickin', I ween,
 They can aye haud their ain wi' the lads o' the Green.

I'm sure that the Greens needna craw juist sae croose,
 Tae cease their loud bawling they should noo ca' a truce ;
 But, losh me ! I think, they'll no craw juist sae keen,
 When ance they are beat by the Gala Fifteen.



An Auld Man's Musings.

Fu' weary I wandered ae nicht by my lane,
 An' mused on the freen's that's departed an' gane
 Awa' frae this warld o' sin an' o' care ;
 Their voices we hear not, their forms see nae mair.

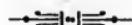
There's auld Willie Wastle, the sly pawky chiel,
 That kept us aye laughin' when boys at the schule ;
 But noo he's awa', an' we'll see him nae mair
 Till we meet a' again in heaven sae fair.

There's blythe Jamie Dods, the pride o' the schule—
 The maister aye said he wad gang tae the deil ;
 But the maister was wrang, for Jamie, we ken,
 Rose high in the army as a leader o' men.

If his life had been tauld it wad read like a story :
 He fought for his Queen, his country, an' glory,
 An' his brave deeds o' daring ha'e left him a name
 'Mang the heroes o' Scotland in the temple o' fame.

Weel dae I mind o' douce Jamie Neil :
 Puir fellow, he aye was the dunce o' the schule ;
 But Jamie did fairly astonish us a',
 When he mairrit yon lady sae bonnie an' braw.

An' then there are ithers ower mony tae tell,
 But noo they're awa', an' I'm left here mysel'
 Tae trauchle alang, content aye tae bide
 Till the Saviour receive me hame tae his side.



Epistles to a Potter Chiel.

Dear sir,—I was rale glad to see
 Anither screed frae yon A. P. ;
 My faith, but he craws crouse
 Aboot his cat ; but let me say
 Ne'er for a minute wad I ha'e
 Sic things aboot my hoose.

I winner hoo that folk wi' sense
 Could ever gang tae sic expense,
 An' a' aboot a cat :
 A thing that's o' nae earthly use
 Save maybe juist to catch a mouse—
 A mouse-trap can dae that !

Gin it had been a Brahma hen,
 Scotch fancy, or a braw Belgian,
 I ne'er wad naething said ;
 Or doos an' dougs o' different kin'—
 But at a cat I draw the line :
 They're fit for someauld maid.

I winner, noo, what folk can see
 Aboot a cat tae please the e'e,
 They're sic ill-greeein' brats.
 I'm very glad I'm far awa'
 Frae sic a place as Baudron's Raw,
 A. P., an' a' his cats.

Sae noo, my freen', tak' my advice,
 Gi'e up yer cats—get something nice :
 Some doos, an' hens as weel—
 An' gin ye come tae Gala toon
 Ye'll maybe then see Tammy Broon,
 That awfu' knowin' chiel.

I hope ye winna think me rude—
 I'm speakin' only for your good,
 Ye'll find that oot in time ;
 Sae noo, my freen', I'll bid adieu,
 An' hope neist week tae see frae you
 Anither screed o' rhyme.

Yer han', my freen', I'm glad tae see
 That on this subject ye agree
 Wi' my ain sel' ;
 An' wi' the Potter in the van,
 A' the ways an' means tae plan,
 It canna' fail.

There are some fanciers that I ken,
 That say, unless we ha'e the men
 That ha'e the £ s. d.,

The Scottish Show will ne'er succeed,
 Unless we get sic men tae lead ;
 Wi' that I'll ne'er agree.

Tho' Potter, lad, its weel I ken
 We canna' dae without sic men,
 But that's no a'.
 We need some men wi' tact an' sense,
 E'en though they hav'na plack nor' pence,
 An' tho' they're fanciers sma'.

Men that ha'e the Show at heart,
 An' willing aye tae dae their part,
 An' naething gars them stick.
 We'll need the men wi' £ s. d.,
 Tae come an' gi'e's a guarantee,
 Tae keep us gaun on tick.

Noo, Potter, lad, I'm gled you're weel,
 An' hope ye'll come tae Galashiel',
 For I can tell
 There's naething wad mair pleasure gi'e
 Tae "Regnis," I'm sure than to see
 The Potter lad himsel'.

As for mysel', my thanks are due
 For gettin' a' yon praise frae you,
 It's made me unco vain ;
 For when I read yer sang yestreen,
 It fairly made me cock my een
 An' grip my pen

Tae woo the fickle muse again,
 Tae try tae lilt in blythesome strain
 A wee bit sang.
 But, faith, I'll ha'e tae bid adieu,
 In hopes that we will hear frae you,
 Ere it be lang.

Sairly Strucken.

Hech, me ! I've met my fate, I ween :
 The glamour o' twa bonnie een,
 Ae witchin' glance frae saucy queen
 Has strucken me fu' sairly ;
 My memory noo frae me has gane,
 I wander dowie, a' my lane,
 Maist feck the day I grunt an' grane,
 O' meat I eat but sparely.

I canna sleep a wink at nicht
 For thinkin' o' thae een sae bricht ;
 They've left me in an unco plicht :
 Wi' love I'm deein' fairly.
 In fact, I'm no the same ava' :
 My body's fairly dwined awa'
 To skin an' bane, my heart's in twa,
 I pine baith late an' early.

The ither nicht, nae farer gane,
 I met her in the Fairy Dean :
 Ae glance frae her twa bonnie een
 Sent my heart tapsalteerie ;
 Ower me they've thrown an unco spell,
 They'll drive me yet tae droon mysel' ;
 Nae pluck ha'e I to gang an' tell
 I lo'e her maist sincerely.

O' toothache pains alang the jaw
 I've had a share that's no sae sma',
 But losh ! this fairly cowes them a' :
 I'm strucken unco sairly ;
 But, faith, I'll try my fate this nicht,
 An' gang nae mair in sic a plicht ;
 Come weal or woe, whate'er it micht,
 I'll woo her late an' early.

Something Mair for a Potter.

I'm very glad, my Potter freen',
 That after a' that's said an' dune,
 Ye ha'ena ta'en the huff ;
 Altho' I tried a' that I could
 Tae say a word juist for yer guid,
 Ye ha'ena got enough.

It's human nature, weel I ken,
 For ilka yin tae think his ain
 Is better than the rest ;
 That's hoo I'm tryin' hard, ye see,
 Tae get the Potter tae agree
 Oor fancy is the best.

Ye shairly dinna heed sic tales
 Aboot Dick Whittington an' his bells :
 Nae word o' truth ava' ;
 There's naething wad mair pleasure gi'e
 Tae my ainsel' than juist tae see
 Ye magistrate o' Baudron's Raw.

But, Potter, lad, I'd like tae ken
 Gin cats e'er saved the lives o' men,
 Sic like as dogs ha'e dune
 When wintry winds sae cauldrie blaw,
 Wi' bitin' frost an' driven snaw,
 Nae shelter tae be seen.

Ye wis sayin' that ye had nae grun'
 Juist big enough tae mak' a run
 For hens tae rin an' feed ;
 Could ye no sell yer famous cat—
 Ye'll shairly get enough for that
 Tae buy whate'er ye need.

Aboot Gala Show an' fakit doos,
 Juist let me say, that's Hawick news
 As soor as buttermilk ;

Ye'd think that they could ne'er deceive,
 An' faith, they'd mak' ye fain believe
 A soo's lug's made o' silk.

But I can easily tell ye that
 Ye'll need tae tak' it wi' some saut
 What Hawick folk may tell ;
 Nae doot ye'll ken as weel as me
 Some folk that's black wad like tae see
 Their neebours like theirsel'.



The Scottish Palace Show.

Fanciers big an' fanciers sma'
 Rally noo, we need ye a'
 Tae lend yer help tae set awa'
 The Scottish Palace Show.

Come frae north, frae east, an' wast,
 An' the south shall ne'er be last
 Tae mak' it siccar, mak' it fast,
 The Scottish Palace Show.

Shall it ever, e'er be said
 That Scottish fanciers were afraid
 In proud England's wake tae tread,
 An' ha'e a Palace Show.

Noo's the day an' noo' the 'oor
 That Scottish fanciers show their poo'er,
 An' success they will ensure
 Tae oor Palace Show.

Ne'er gi'e heed though some may sneer ;
 Forward, Laidler, never fear,
 For I see it's comin' near,
 The Scottish Palace Show.

A Rhyming Letter.

Awake ! my muse, in cheerful strain,
 For idle noo ye lang ha'e lain,
 Sae I maun try yet aince again
 Yer mettle,
 As lang' I ha'e in hand my pen,
 An' in guid fettle.

My muse, she is a fickle jaud,
 That will neither bin' nor haud,
 For aft she's like tae drive me mad :
 Aye deavin' me ;
 Then a' at aince she's dour an' sad,
 An' winna gee.

There's twa three things I'd like tae mention,
 That are nae o' my ain invention,
 Sae kindly gi'e's yer best attention,
 I'll sing my sang,
 For I'm sure I've nae intention
 Tae keep ye lang.

Losh me ! there's been an awfu' wark
 Aboot the drink in Galapark ;
 Nae doot the bailies made their mark
 Wha granted it :
 It's whispered noo, but keep that dark,
 They'll sune repent it.

Noo, a' ye Gala lads sae braw,
 Lament wi' me that Bailie Shaw
 Has left the Council, bench an' a'—
 His loss we feel ;
 Alang wi' him that's noo awa',
 He's true as steel.

Nae doot there's mony mair than me
 Wad like the swimming baths tae see,
 Whaur a' could gang an' swimmingly

Aye bathe themsel's ;
 I wonder when sic things will be
 In Galashiels.

For instance, noo, the corn mill
 I'd ha'e removed ower Gala Hill,
 An' then the open space I'd fill
 Wi' flowers sae fair,
 Or build what's aiblins better still,
 The museum there.



I'd Like tae Ken.

I'd like tae ken what can be wrang
 Wi' the Potter chiel ?
 I winner noo gin ye can tell
 If he be keepin' weel ?
 For losh me, noo he's unco quiet :
 That's no his usual style ;
 We ne'er ha'e heard a screed o' rhyme
 Frae him noo for a while.

Gin he'd been famed for breedin' doos,
 I'd ken he had nae time,
 For sitting watchin' eggs come oot.
 To turn his thochts to rhyme.
 But seeing that he wadna keep
 Sic trashy stock like that,
 I'd like tae ken gin he has lost
 His awfu' famous cat ?

If that's the case, then I am sure
 He'll get what I can gi'e,
 Though cats I dinna like, I send
 My heartfelt sympathy.

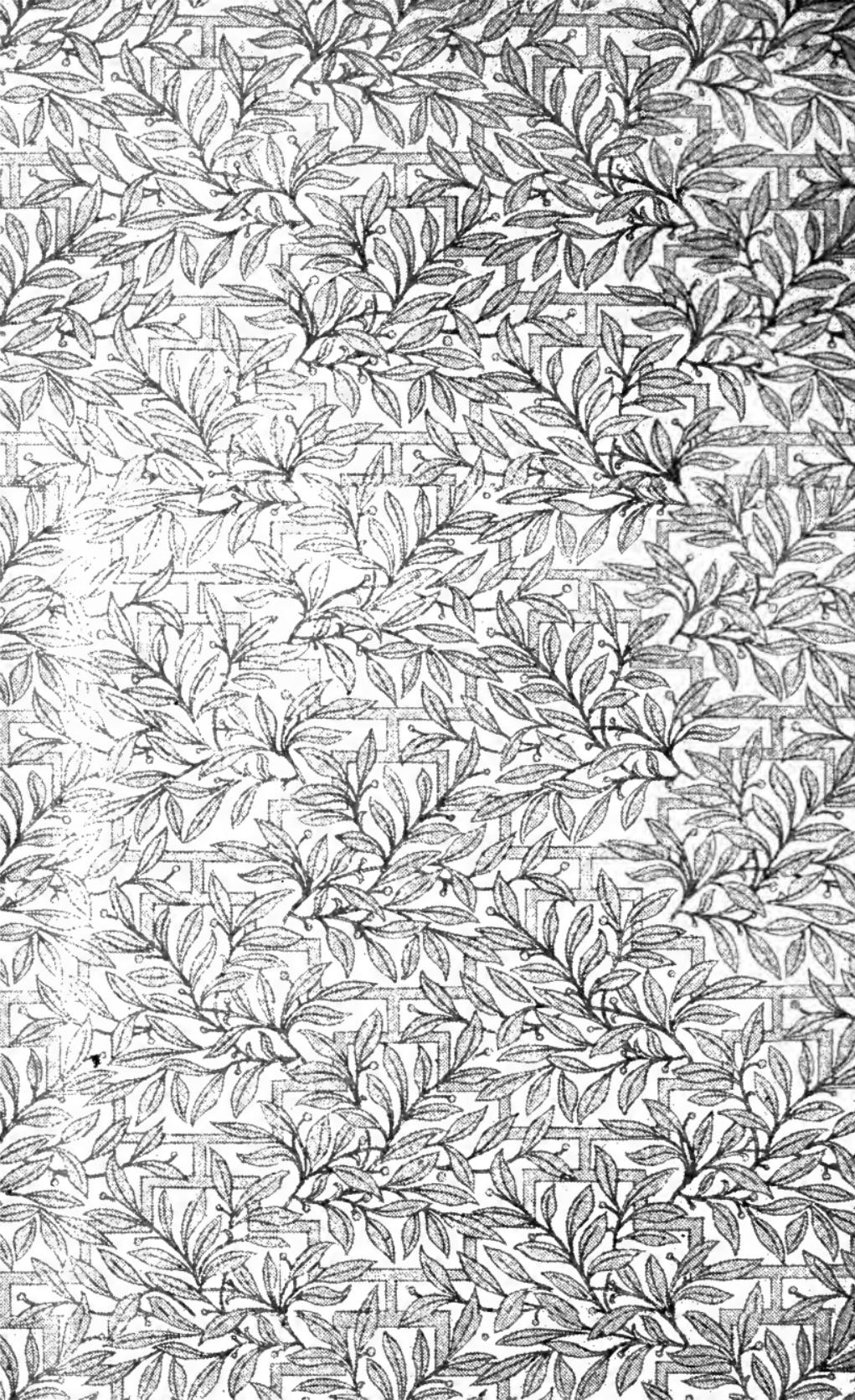
I only hope that I am wrang
 In judgin' him ava,
 An' trust that we will hear e'er lang
 Some rhyme frae Baudron's Raw.

I hope it's naething that I've said
 That's made him drap his pen :
 Sae, Potter, kittle up yer muse
 An' try yer han' again.
 For, losh ! there's mony mair than me,
 There's nae a doot o' that,
 Wad like tae hear the latest news
 Aboot the Potter's cat.

Another thing I'd like tae ken,
 Man, Gordon, can ye tell
 If dogs ha'e souls, that when they dee,
 Tae gang tae heaven or h—ll ?
 That freen' o' dogs, G. Stables, says—
 Ye'd think that he sud ken—
 That if they dinna ha'e a soul
 Then ne'er a soul ha'e men.







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